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Broadway Magazine

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SPRING
NUMBER

A BEAUTY OF
SPRING.

Anne Held turning her
shoulder to the world.

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with over 17,000 acres of valuable proven oil lands, and a monthly production of 3,400 barrels.

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on the entire amount invested in its stock; the

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with its plant of 250 tons capacity now under active construction in Yavapai County, Ariz., to be completed and in operation in August, promise larger dividends and immediate profits than any mining or industrial investment now before the public. We are Fiscal Agents for eight mining companies, of which

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PEARLY TEETH!

DENTYNE MAKES ALL TEETH WHITE

Beautiful Teeth the Jewels of Beauty.

Do you know this stage favorite? Notice her teeth, pearl-like and sparkling, made so by

IT IS RED **DENTYNE,** IT IS RED

(Trade Mark.)

"The Gum That Cleans the Teeth."

(Formula of a prominent New York dentist.)

DENTYNE MAKES YELLOW TEETH WHITE

IT would surprise you to know how many stage favorites are using this preparation to improve the appearance of their teeth. **Dentyne** is a chewing dentifrice that contains no grit or acids. **Dentyne** removes stains from the teeth, makes them white, and gives to the enamel that glossy, pearl-like surface so much sought after by all. It removes all odors, prevents decay and tartar deposits, corrects acid conditions and receding gums making them pink, firm and healthy. **Ask your dentist.** To obtain a supply, send 25c. to

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Spell-bound audiences are due to hypnotic force of the actor.

Educate this latent force, and your success is assured. You have it in you.

We have brought it out for thousands—**why not for you?**

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WE POSITIVELY GUARANTEE

to permanently cure all cases of Nervous Diseases, Loss of Sleep, Overworked Nerves and Brain, and Rheumatism by Hypnotic Suggestion.

American School of Hypnosis,

DR. W. G. FERRIS,

251 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

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MARVILLE,
a new French beauty of the Paris studios.

Mlle. Marville recently took a prize for her arms and shoulders in a contest arranged by the artists of the Latin Quartier.

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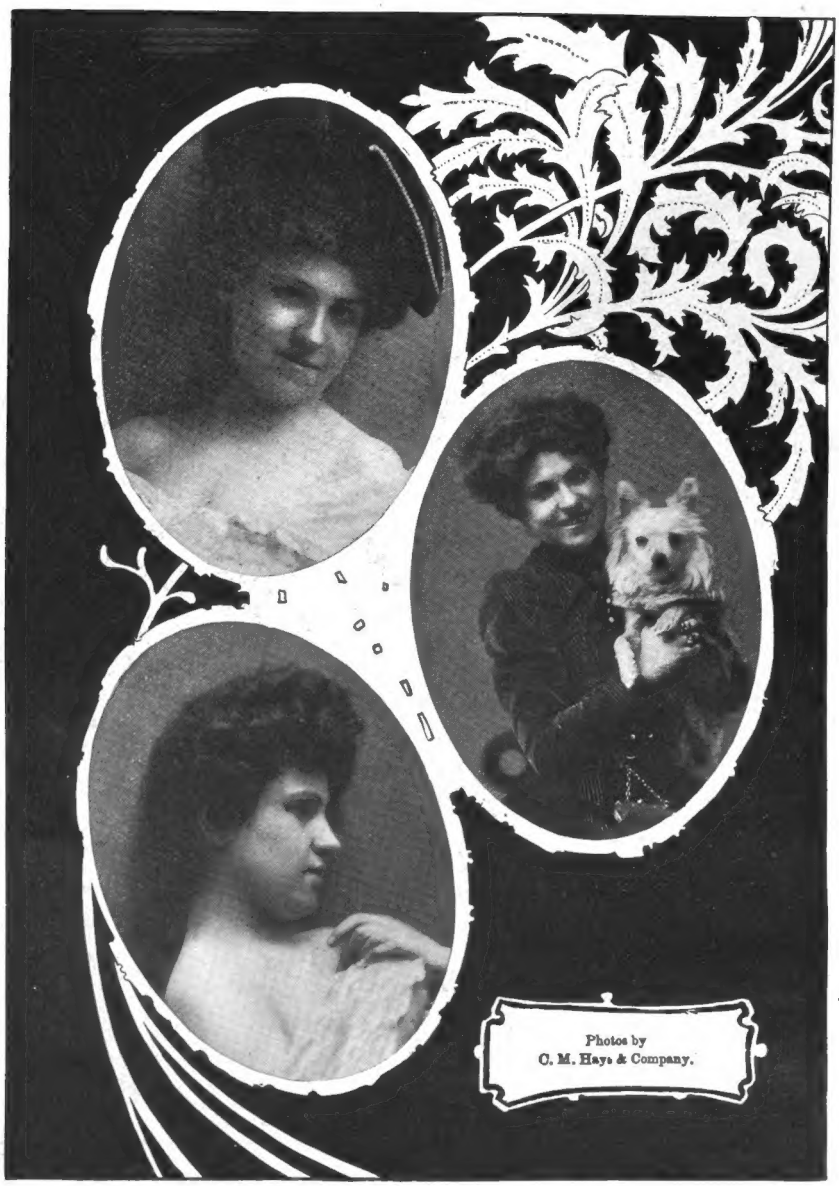

MINNIE ALLEN,
who has been featured in "The Bifurcated Girl" at the vaudeville theatres this season; also Miss Allen's dog.

TO AN INQUIRING ADMIRER.

Dear BROADWAY MAGAZINE:

Is Robert Drouét (Mary Mannering's leading man) married? And how old is he? How old is James K. Hackett?

Kindly answer these questions and oblige, sincerely yours,

AN ADMIRER OF BROADWAY MAGAZINE.

It is said there is a Mrs. Robert Drouét. James K. Hackett is thirty-two.

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MILDRED HOWARD DE GRAY,
who dances for a living with much enthusiasm.

These pictures are reproductions of snap-shots of Miss De Gray taken by the Sarony Studio while the dancer was exceedingly busy.

THIRTY-ONE AND GLAD OF IT.

She wanted to know his age and if he was married. We wrote him. This is his answer:

Editor of BROADWAY MAGAZINE.

My Dear Sir: In regard to your favor of March 22d, you may write the lady in question that I am thirty-one years old, unmarried, and always hope to be thirty-one, and *unmarried*.

Sincerely, H. W.

March 26, 1901.

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"LOVE'S WHISPER,"
by De Cassaignac, a famous continental painter.

FOOTLIGHT GOSSIP.

"THE Price of Peace," the new spectacle at the Broadway Theatre, New York, is the heaviest production of the season in the metropolis. It requires more scenery than is used in a half dozen ordinary plays.

* * *

Many people continually wonder why pretentious pieces can be put on at Daly's Theatre. It is not generally known that the Daly stage is seventy feet deep. This is about six feet deeper than most of the Broadway houses.

* * *

It is not improbable that James J. Corbett will head a vaudeville company next season. His success with the White Rats has been unquestioned.

* * *

Still another actor, who has a great reputation as a wit among the members of his profession, shows so many evidences of paresis that his friends are seriously thinking of putting him in a sanitarium.

* * *

Tod Sloane has received an offer to appear in a musical comedy entitled, "At Sheepshead Bay." It is said that he wanted $1,500 a week—and the would-be manager hasn't recovered yet.

THE FOOTLIGHTER.

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Broadway Magazine's Gallery of Classic Art.

"THE SPRING OF LOVE,"
by Dejourney, famous French artist.

FRANCIS WILSON'S HOBBIES.

FRANCIS WILSON, the comic opera star, has two hobbies — books and wealth; perhaps the order should be reversed. He has always said that he would some day be a rich man, and I think his prophecy has already come true, as he is certainly pretty well fixed at the present time. He has been a money-maker for many years, and is the canny type of gentleman who never spends as much as he makes. He has a fine library at his home in New Rochelle, N. Y., and is one of the solid citizens of that rather fashionable township.

SAMUEL SMALLTALK.

VERY LIKELY!

BRIDE — I'm awfully superstitious. I wonder what all these duplicate wedding presents signify?

BRIDESMAID — Perhaps they mean twins.

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A REMARKABLE PICTURE OF THOMAS A. WISE,

who has made a hit in "Are You a Mason?" at Wallack's Theatre, New York.

THIS picture was taken by Will Armstrong in the Conly Studio, Boston. It shows Mr. Wise as he was seated in a dark corner of the gallery with the light playing on him. This effect was produced by manipulating mirrors. This is generally conceded to be one of the most effective photographs of the year, and it is published exclusively in BROADWAY MAGAZINE.

Mr. Wise, by the way, is the comedian who made a big personal hit in the Broadhurst pieces both in this country and in England.

P. S.—Note the cigarette smoke.

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Edwin Francis Edgett

Broadway Magazine.

VOL. VII. MAY, 1901. No. 2.

THE MODERN MINOTAUR—HALF HUMAN, HALF BEAST.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH HIM?

BY WALTER BEVERLEY CRANE.

NOT since the day of the Pall Mall Gazette's exposure of the horrible depravity of the *jeunesse doree* of that modern Babylon — London — has the degeneracy and hellish viciousness of our young men been so glaringly illustrated as during the first three months of the new century, the press of the country fairly reeking with the foul details of their licentiousness, "smelling to Heaven" of their crimes against nature and humanity. The Jennie Boschietter case pales into insignificance when compared to some of the unholy happenings on the east side of town, in the region infested by "the lighthouse," "the cadet," and the nameless things that procure for the prowling minotaurs—beasts that even a Pasiphae would disown. Children are daily lured to ruin; the number of victims is simply appalling.

One of the most diabolical cases of recent writing was that of two young girls, Henrietta Greenberg, of 138 Monroe street, sixteen years old, and Dora Schindermann, of Rivington street, aged fifteen. Two "lighthouses," Louis Greenberg and Otto Schindermann, marry these girls, and immediately after the ceremony the two children are taken to houses of ill-fame. It was shown at the trial, before Justice Fitzgerald of the Supreme Court, that at each house the money they received was given to the proprietress, who, at the end of each week, deducted $8 for the board of each girl and gave the rest to their husbands. When at last they were cast out on the street, suffering from neglect and vile disease, the two fiends in the guise of men abused them brutally.

Before the war of the rebellion, and since then, in many Southern States, the punishment generally *fitted* crimes against woman, and bodily mutilation was the reward for such conduct as designated the perpetrator a wild animal—a mad brute.

Is not the cold-blooded, deliberative, devilish ingenuity of men scheming to lure innocence to perdition, to the hell of a common prostitute's life, more infamous and revolting than the lustful outbreak of a degenerate negro?

Many fast and dissolute young men of the present day are sadly lacking in that chivalry and sense of honor that the past generation knew and practised. Woman to them is either a plaything or a superior animal, and as such they know and treat her.

When normally constituted he is satisfied to pursue his pleasures in legitimate fields; but the libertine, the libidinous, perverted monstrosity, the satyr, crawls and creeps, wallows and rolls, over the forms of dead desires, rising minotaur-like to the feast.

If documentary evidence is required, the back files of newspapers are always to be had. A few weeks ago two respectable-looking young men, Martin Johnson and Jacob Cunke, were caught at No. 632 Eighth avenue, debauching a girl of fourteen. When Magistrate Meade heard the case in the west side police court, where the two men were held in $2,500 bail for examination, it came out that the little girl was only one of many victims, the youngest being but ten years of age. The police were not able to find out exactly what means the two men used to entice the little girls to Johnson's room. One of the little girls said that the men

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had given her two dollars, but after consultation with the other children she gave it back!

London's maiden tribute of two decades past was not half so shocking. The modern sybarite glories in the unspeakable.

We need more *foreign* missions!

The false conventional laws of society are those which institute distinctions, not between one rank and another, and not between virtue and vice, or even between one kind of vice and another—but between vice in high places and vice in low; between vice in man and vice in woman; between vice cloaked by some transparent gauze of respectability (seen through by every eye and only adding hypocrisy to shame) and vice whose cloak has been torn off, and which stands shivering in the blast of infamy. Let a man be very wealthy—a powerful statesman—a brilliant writer. How does society condone his profligacy? The same crimes would make an ordinary man a social outlaw in a week. Or let a man contrive to throw some appearance of decency over a life of vice. How does the world innocently pretend to believe him a saint, even while everyone whispers to his neighbor the scandal which lies under the semblance of honor! The very same vice, not one feather's weight *worse,* only chancing to be exposed in such manner that the pretence of not knowing it can no longer be kept up, is enough to make society stop its ears with holy horror, and cry "Crucify him!" with true pharisaic malignity.

Could the pharisaic horror of *low* vice and *exposed* vice but be transferred for a year to lofty vice, and vice cloaked in the garb of decorum, more would be achieved for the regeneration of society than by any laws invented by puritan legislators.

AGE LENDS RANK.

HELEN—Men are strange beings! I refused Ned Klinger years ago, because he is so much younger than I am, and he proposed again last week.

ETHEL—Oh, well—he's nearer your own age now!

FOUND OUT.

MRS. BOWSER—Harriet, you have been having company while I was out.

HARRIET—Yes, mother; Carrie——

MRS. BOWSER—There, Harriet, don't prevaricate! It was not a woman; it was a man. Who ever knew a woman to crease a cushion like that?

Photo by Curran, New York.

MAY PAGE,
a young and dainty Broadwayite who doesn't spurn dramatic fame via chorus.

BRIEF INDEPENDENCE.

"John," she said, "you ought to punish that boy."

"What's the matter with him?" he asked.

"He's altogether too dictatorial," she replied. "He wants to rule everything."

"Oh, well," he said, "let him enjoy himself while he may. He'll marry some time, and then——"

ANGELIC.

MR. NEWLYWED—What is this I am eating, dearest?

MRS. NEWLYWED—That is angel cake, darling.

MR. NEWLYWED—Ha! See me make it fly!

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WHEN A MAN COURTS TWO WOMEN.

By John Black Stevens.

SHE sat in her own special room with an expectant smile on her face. It was two years since her lover left her for foreign travel, and this was the day of his return.

Flowers were plentifully clustered about the room, which gave to it a gala appearance.

It was much better to let bygones be forgotten, and start afresh. But still, after the long space of time, there was a tinge of bitterness in the remembrance of the cause of their rupture.

He had carried it with a high hand, and had told her that he thought a separation for a short time would be to their mutual benefit.

Now he was coming back. She still loved him, and the thought made her pulse beat more rapidly.

She stood in front of the long mirror and looked at herself with keen, critical eyes. Yes, she was still lovely. At last a cab pulled up at the door, and in a few moments he entered the room.

"Well, Ada," he said quietly, "it is good to be back again."

She gently kissed him, and then hurried away with an embarrassed laugh. It seemed as if their separation had been only for a week; but she noticed streaks of gray in his hair.

A feeling of childish pleasure came over her as he gave her the many little things he had brought back from the various countries he had visited. He held a little bottle in his hand.

"Now, Ada, this is unique. It was given me by a Turk. Each drop is costly and precious."

"What is it?" she said excitedly.

"It is the Sultan's own private perfume," he said, removing the stopper from the bottle.

The room was immediately filled with a delicious perfume that conjured up ideas of beautiful Turkish scenes.

"This is the famous *Kuna-Phrama*," he said, smiling at her delight. "Do you like it, my pet? Give me a kiss for it, dear."

As he was leaving she summoned up enough courage to speak to him.

"Jack, darling, let me say just one word. Amy Lorrimer—don't see her or write to her, will you? I may be a jealous fool, but please do as I ask."

"Don't worry, Ada darling," he said lovingly.

She breathed a sigh of relief and sank into her chair, happy and contented as she heard his retreating footsteps.

* * *

The next few weeks seemed to her like a dream of heaven. But it was a short dream, for soon the old restraint came back. And then she suddenly remembered that she owed her friend Amy a call.

Amy was at home, and Ada entered her pretty but bizarre boudoir to await her.

A perfume pervaded the room—a perfume that mocked her senses.

"So pleased to see you, Ada."

Amy stood before her in all her insolent beauty.

"What a lovely new scent you have!"

Their eyes met and flashed like the meeting of rapiers in the hands of accomplished duelists.

MISS ETTA BUTLER.
who has a prominent part in Chamberlyn's production of "The Prima Donna" at the Herald Square Theatre, New York.

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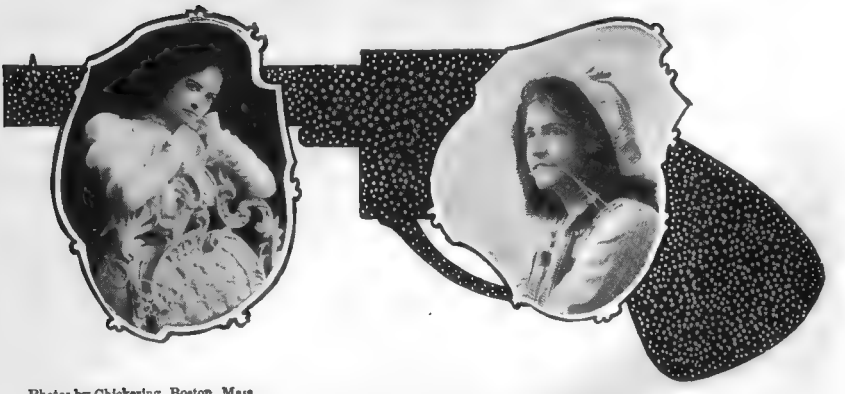


Photos by Chickering, Boston, Mass.

MISS MAY BUCKLEY,

the American ingénue, for love of whom a crazy young Southerner shot Manager Dingwall of the Broadway Theatre, New York City.

GEORGE LEDERER'S BOMBSHELL.

Here is an edict put forth recently by George W. Lederer:

NOTICE.

Members of the ladies of "The Casino Girl" company commencing with the engagement at the Knickerbocker Theatre, Monday, April 15, must be chaperoned to and from the theatre by some adult female relative or other equally feminine proper companion. Neglect of this order shall be attended by instant dismissal.

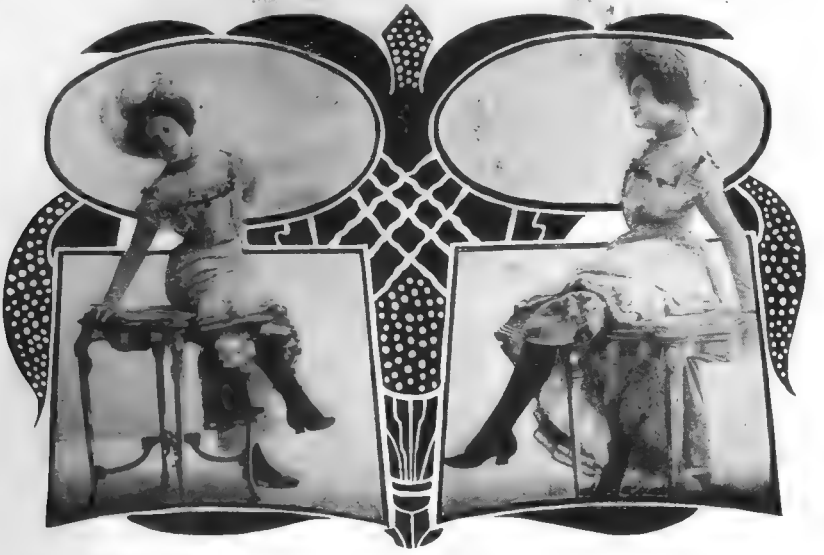
While the company is on the road all ladies of the chorus shall report before and after performances to a woman who will be appointed for that purpose.

Is it any wonder a young man from Brooklyn tried to drown himself in the East River the other day, or that some newspapers insist that the whole thing is an advertising dodge?

THE CIRCUS FAKIRS.

Broadway Magazine is on the trail of an important story that will create a sensation when published. It will appear in an early issue—probably June. It will tell how the great traveling circus aggregations of the country stand in with the thieves that accompany them, and how a portion of the big profits of the circuses each year comes out of the pockets of those who are robbed by the thugs and cut-throats that are practically in the employ of circus proprietors.

WE MEAN BUSINESS. Names, places and dates will be printed. We are not afraid to tell the truth.



Photos by Sarony, New York.

MEG MANSFIELD,

comedienne, in two poses that suggest anything but serious intent.

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TWO PRETTY CASINO GIRLS OF "FLORODORA."

Marie Wilson and Vaughn Texsmith doing the sister act.

An Australian actress who honestly believes she looks like Calvé, and who poses thusly whenever she can get the ear of a good-natured photographer—who never forgets the price per dozen. Does Alice Barry look like Calvé?

Stories of New York Life.

No. IV.—New York's Real Chinatown.

BY WALTER BEVERLEY CRANE.

CHINATOWN is not wholly a place of opium joints and gambling dens, albeit one may "hit the pipe" or throw his silver away on "fan tan" in many of its dens. While in probably one-fourth of the Chinese apartments opium is smoked daily, yet it would be wholly unfair to infer that one-fourth of the *quartier* use the drug. If you made with me a tour of the district, visiting every place where a Chinaman dwells, you would sum up as follows: Four places where opium was sold to white visitors who smoked and slept on the premises; places where gambling was in progress, about one-twentieth of the whole; places where men were pursuing the ordinary vocations of life, nearly three-fourths.

Chinatown, as it is called, is composed of three short blocks, two of which intersect each other at right angles.

Its inhabitants are not by any means confined to the Chinese, for many Italians, a few negroes, and a few Irish share the crowded tenements with them. The buildings are old and dilapidated, and void of many of the most ordinary of modern conveniences.

The population of Chinatown on Sundays is about four or five thousand; on week-days it is very much less. The difference may be accounted for by the fact that on Sundays the Chinese from outlying boroughs, from Long Island, New Jersey and Connecticut towns, flock to Chinatown to visit their friends and do business. Since the American Sabbath does not permit laundry work on that day, the laundrymen seize upon it as a holiday, and go to Chinatown by hundreds. There they buy all their dry groceries, their clothing, and their laundry supplies. The Chinese theatre in Doyers street offers an interminable performance—a Chinese play, steady, dignified, dramatic, but never humorous. The Chinese actor is the very embodiment of dignity, while the quintessence of etiquette marks his manners. He endeavors to conceal rather than betray emotion, and is of the "repressionistic" school of acting. The Chinese restaurants in Mott street are famous show places, and one may get a capital (Chinese) dinner at No. 18 for the small sum of thirty cents. The rice served at these resorts is prepared as no American cook can cook it, the tea delicious, brewed to perfection, and the inevitable "chop suey" inimitable. Sharks' fins, "nests," and other fearful delicacies, are to be had; but a bowl of rice and a dozen cups of tea will suffice the visitor. At No. 24 Pell street there is always an exhibition of the finest embroideries in silks and satins to be found in New York. Some of the curios in this famous shop are alone worth a trip to "Chinktown," as Chuck Connors calls it.

Among no people from any quarter of the globe, nor among those from a long line of American parentage, have I seen an equally strong desire for one another's companionship. To go to see their "cousins" is the Chinamen's great delight, and on Sunday they

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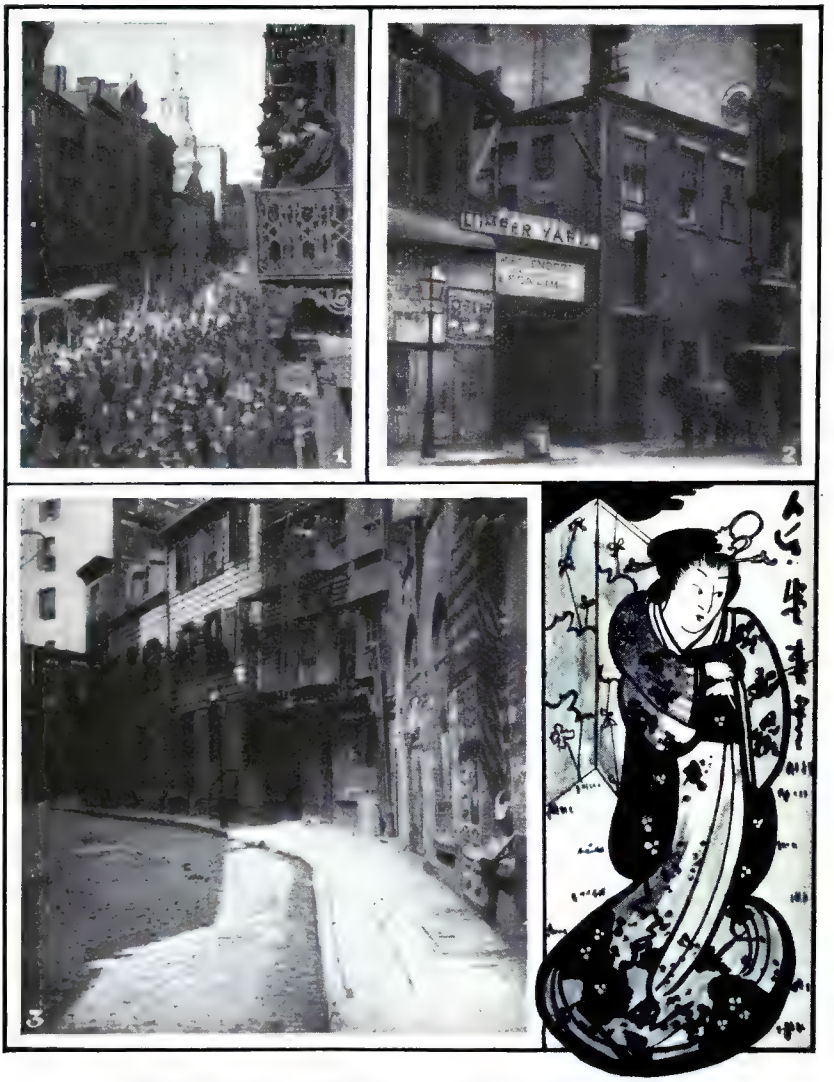

THREE TYPICAL SCENES FROM NEW YORK'S CHINATOWN.
Taken by George Grantham Bain.
1. A funeral in Mott street. 2. Three hundred Chinamen live in these two shanties.
3. Early morning in the upper part of Mott street.

gather by the score in the apartments of their family or members of their clan, or in the business places of their particular friends. You rarely find a Chinaman dwelling alone, and that not from motives of economy only, but because they desire companionship.

To them friendship is everything. A Chinaman trusts his friend or his relative to an extent that we would consider foolish. He celebrates his wedding (to some Irish or German girl) not by a drunken carousal, but by the finest feast his pocket-book can command, to which not only his immediate relatives are invited, but all who have the slightest claim of friendship upon him.

A Chinaman, Sing Lee, who was recently married in Mott street, gave three large feasts in as many restaurants, entertaining several hundred people at each before he had gone the round of his acquaintances and friends.

Among them money is loaned without interest and without any written acknowledgment or witnesses. If a man is "short,"

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MABEL CARRIER,
a Canadian society girl now la-laing in "Florodora" at the Casino.

or "goes broke," and appeals to his "cousin" or a friend to help him, that friend will divide up without specifying a time for repayment. If the man is sick or poor, the creditor, in all probability, will never mention the matter again, and will certainly not ask for its return while the debtor refrains from gambling or opium-smoking, and honestly does his best. A Chinaman earns ordinarily from $8 to $15 a week and his board and lodging, and he works from eight o'clock in the morning until two o'clock at night. The Chinaman patiently works seventeen hours, takes care of his relatives in China, looks after his own poor in America, and pays his bills as he goes along.

In a Chinatown store $10 per week is the lowest sum paid for a man-of-all-work; in a Chinatown restaurant the lowest wage paid to a kitchen-boy is $20 per month and "found." Chinese cooks will not "go out" to American families for less than $40 per month, and they rarely ever stay for that sum. "*Chinese cheap labor!*" eh?

The "Hip Shing Tong" used to be the worst highbinders' society in Chinatown, but the other highbinders of San Francisco and other Western cities are not as well represented, and the "Hip Shing Tong's" branch here is not near so strong as it used to be.

The Chinese are a specially proud people. They ask neither our sympathy nor our help. If a Chinaman ever tells you his thoughts, or talks to you of himself or his people, it is because you have won his confidence to a considerable degree. They are also extremely sensitive, easily offended, and not easily placated.

These qualities, added to their natural conservatism, may account somewhat for their lack of pliability and slowness in adopting American habits and customs.

The Chinaman is an alien, and he knows and feels he is an alien. It is useless for him to try to be an American, for he can never be one of us, whether he be a Harvard graduate or a humble laundryman, and therefore he does not try.

A BROADWAY-ITE, SURE ENOUGH.

Young Lawyer A. H. Kaffenbergh, nephew of A. H. Hummel, and a regular first-nighter.

The Chinese population of Greater New York is a matter of conjecture. They, themselves, estimate it at from 12,000 to 14,000. There has been nothing to cause either a great accession or diminution in the Chinese colony during the last two years, hence they may be put down at the exceedingly reasonable figure of 10,000.

Personal purity may not be the rule in Chinatown; but I know that there are many buildings in Chinatown for which a Chinaman would blush as quickly as an American. I know, also, that in these buildings vile creatures have fastened themselves like leeches, fostering sin and guilt wherever they are. There is no degree in such vice. The sinner may be black or white, red or yellow. Only in this can the Chinese be said to be different from others: they are less brutal and violent to these women than are the men of whiter skin; and for this reason, and because of the love of opium which is so prevalent among this class, the women cling to the neighborhood.

ODE TO SPRING.

Hail, gentle Spring, and rain, and snow!
And let thy wild nor'westers blow.
Bring us the damp and drizzling days,
With intermittent sunny rays;
Let sickly daisies crown thy hills,
And unsuccessful daffodils;
Let all the streets be mud and mire,
And let us hover round the fire,
While we the truth about thee sing,
Uncertain, disappointing Spring!

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HARRY DAVENPORT,

one of the principals of "The Girl From Up There," which will soon be seen in London.

A DEVIL OF A GIRL.

If Nora should die,
And to heaven I'd fly,
  And rang loud and long at the bell;
If I told old St. Peter
I wanted to meet her,
  Do you think that he'd say "Go to h——?"

PARTICULAR.

TOBACCONIST—Cigars? Yes, sir. Here are some I got in especially for presents.

CUMSO—They won't do. I want some to smoke myself.

Photo by Martine, Philadelphia, Pa.

HELEN M. BOURNE.
"By special request."

COULDN'T BEST HIM.

TOM—Hallo, Bill! I hear you have a position with my friends, Skinner & Co.?

BILL—Oh, yes; I have a position as collector there.

TOM—That's first-rate. Who recommended you?

BILL—Oh, nobody. I told them that I once collected an account from you, and they instantly gave me the place.

JUST LIKE HIM.

FOND MOTHER (to daughter)—Jennie, did you kiss young Gaskins again to-night?

DAUGHTER—Yes, mamma; he's just lost an uncle, and I was so sorry for him.

FOND MOTHER—Well, Jennie, let this be the last. I'm afraid if you keep on encouraging him with your sympathy he won't have a relative left in the wide, wide world.

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A KING WHO WAS A POKER FIEND.

THE late King Milan was not only the greatest consistent gambler of modern times, but he had the almost unique distinction of being a bad winner. I have been told by those who often watched his play at Paris clubs that a run of luck seemed to bore him, while a period of misfortune positively exhilarated and cheered him up!

As a rule, the only game he cared for was baccarat, but some years ago a Parisianized American taught him poker, and relieved him of a good many thousands of dollars in the process. For some weeks Milan would play nothing else, and at last he began to win, and from that moment his interest in the game began to subside. The climax came one night when the ex-King fell fast asleep, after looking at his hand, just as a jackpot containing close upon $5,000 was opened. One of the players, who had thrown down his own hand, picked up Milan's cards in order to play them for him. When he saw that Milan held four kings he nearly fainted. The fact that he was practically certain of winning a huge pool had acted as the last straw to the royal gambler's boredom.

Milan was the perfect type of a royal spendthrift, but he had

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Photo by Eddowes, New York.

TWO PRETTY STAGE WOMEN— AND YOUNG.

FLORENCE ROCKWELL. VINCIE TWOHEY.

frequent fits of friendly good nature, and it is said that more than one young gambler was saved from disgrace or suicide by his timely assistance. There was a story told of him, too, that he once offered to fit out a ship for the purpose of kidnapping Dreyfus from the Devil's Island. In view, however, of the anti-Dreyfus views of most of his Paris friends, it is difficult to credit this story With the exception of the Emperor of Austria, Milan had hardly a personal friend among the royal families of Europe. Most of them habitually cut him, and although at one time the present King Edward VII. tolerated him when they met in Paris, the Prince finally dropped him some years ago. Queen Victoria for years steadily refused to receive any communication from him on account of his shameful treatment of Queen Natalie. It may be mentioned in Milan's favor, however, that while he was King of Servia he treated American visitors, even the obscurest, with true hospitality. J. M. O.

FIND IT ELSEWHERE.

Editor, BROADWAY MAGAZINE:

Dear Sir—Will you oblige a faithful reader of your splendid magazine with a picture of Harry Davenport, at present appearing with Edna May, and will you kindly say if he is married or not?

FAITHFUL READER.

He is married!

Photo by Schloss.

Two late Schloss snap-shots of H. S. Northrup, who has made a hit as *James Sinclair* in Miller's production of "Richard Savage."

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Photos by Sarony New York.

OLIVE NELSON,

a cute and eccentric little American dancer who has appeared on the stage this year.

THOSE AWFUL BROADWAY MOTORMEN.

By Charles J. Lawton.

SHE was a fashionably-dressed woman, and she was evidently angry. When she had secured the attention of the traffic manager she indignantly stated her case.

"As I understand it, madam," he said, when she had finished, "you were standing at the corner when the car came along?"

"Yes; I was waiting for it."

"But it didn't stop?"

"It didn't even slow up. It went right by."

"Did the motorman see you?"

"Certainly he did. He looked straight at me."

"And, of course, you signalled to him to stop?"

"Signalled to him to stop!" she exclaimed. "Why, wasn't I standing at the corner?"

"Certainly, but——"

"Was it necessary for me to wave my umbrella and shout at him?"

"Not at all; but you see——"

"Do I look like a woman who stands at a street corner for amusement?"

"No, indeed; but occasionally a woman stops at a corner for a moment to wait for a car to go by before she crosses the street. Sometimes she is simply trying to decide where she will go next."

"Yes; but your motormen, sir, ought to——"

"I know, I know," he interrupted. "We have tried to get that kind of men for motormen, but we couldn't do it. They wanted too much money. We have two on the line, but we couldn't get any more."

"What are you talking about, sir?"

"Mind-readers, madam, mind-readers. This man never claimed to be one, so I don't know that I can——"

But she was gone.

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Photos by Sarony, New York.

ADA GRAY,

a pretty model of the New York studios. Miss Gray has also been on the stage.

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EXTRA! EXTRA! EXTRA!

BROADWAY MAGAZINE SUPPLEMENT

VOL. XXX. No. 1/6. NEW YORK, MAY 1, 1901. PRICE, $1.10 PER COPY.

CARRIE NATION VISITS BROADWAY!

Demolishes Corbett's Saloon—Defies the Police and Addresses the Multitude.

(Topeka Tin Can and Growler Press Association.)

At 11:16 last night Policeman George Reid, of the Nineteenth Precinct, was shocked to hear the sound of breaking glass in the direction of James J. Corbett's saloon on Broadway, near Thirty-fourth street. Blowing his whistle and rapping passing citizens for assistance as he ran, the officer finally forced his way through the dense mass of struggling humanity around the café's entrance and found "The Smasher of Kansas," Mrs. Nation, in the act of demolishing the last mirror and cocktail glass in the place. Corbett and four of his best bartenders lay insensible upon the cigar counter, and old-time habitués of the emporium were huddled in delirious bunches down below in the lavatory. By the time Policeman Reid had reached the excited woman's side, Acting Captain Townsend and the new mobile patrol wagon ran into the saloon. But the maddened female had mysteriously disappeared.

ATTACK ON THE HOFFMAN HOUSE.

While the badly demoralized crowd was picking up its cigar butts word came to the Acting Captain that Detectives Binnings and Beyer had a sure clue. The two ward men telephoned from different parts of the precinct that a woman with a hatchet had been seen to enter the family entrance of the Hoffman House.

The Bouguereau painting and the cash register in the Hoffman House came in for the irritated lady's criticism. From the Hoffman House Mrs. Nation visited Everard's Baths in Twenty-eighth street and fell into a pool of Croton water, mistaking its color for Kansas whiskey. The bathers, who were mostly gentlemen, were very much annoyed by the intrusion.

MRS. NATION ATTACKS POLICE.

At 11:24¼, by the *Herald's* stop-clock, Len Wager's was visited. Here, for the first time, the redoubtable little woman met with resistance from the girl from up there, who was engaged in mopping the floor. Policemen Grady, Sullivan, Brown, Morris, Kelly, and Detectives Stuyvesant, De Peyster, Van Rensselaer, De Courcey and Montmorency had by this time completely surrounded the neighborhood. Mrs. Nation climbed the nearest electric light pole and threw her false teeth at the police, striking Court Officer Dennis MacTavish, a veteran of ninety-eight years, on the left side of his new helmet. An ambulance was summoned and the injured officer removed to Bellevue.

In quick succession the Casino Café, Schultz's, Tom O'Rourke's and McCoy's were attacked. Most of the proprietors were killed while attempting to save their property from the deadly hatchet.

MRS. NATION'S ADDRESS TO MOB.

A minute before midnight Mayor Van Wyck was telegraphed to come and read the Riot Act, but owing to the sudden indisposition of the Seventh Regiment he could not comply. Mrs. Nation now made an address to the crowd:

"You are all standing up for the devil! You are perfectly willing that Mrs. Nation shall set out and do something, but when you are asked to do anything you sit in your seats. You are a pack of chair-warmers, flue-covers—that's what you are. Oh, I know a pack of grafters when I see 'em," continued the smasher. "Where's my hat? The Lord will look after you hypocrites and bums. The devil is laughing in his sleeve right now. The Lord's work don't need no help from a lot of stiffs like you."

Several prominent members of the New York Press Club now came forward and arrayed themselves under Mrs. Nation's banner, cut out of an old alpaca underskirt and nailed to the axe, with the motto "Smoke Up" emblazoned upon it in letters of green chartreuse and gold-brown benedictine.

CARRIE HOLDS THE FORT.

Engine Company 86, Hook and Ladder 40, and No. 2 Water Tower had been playing on the excited woman for over thirty minutes. "Water, water, everywhere," she shouted, "but not a drop to drink."

Owing to the bursting of the Croton Dam and the Central Park Reservoir, the police were, at last, able to clear the streets. Mrs. Nation was told to move on, but up to the time of going to press she had failed to move.

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Photo by Schloss, New York.

NELLIE GISTI, OTHERWISE MRS. FREDERIC EDWARD McKAY.
Clever as an actress and acceptable as a beauty.

LONGING.

The dreamy trees 'neath the pallid moon
  Hold a spell like my love for you;
The drowsy notes of the night-bird's croon
  Come sweet through the dripping dew.

The bosky depths where the twining vines
  Hold each in a close embrace,
Send forth perfume like mingled wines,
  And I hunger to kiss your face.

In the Lotus-land which your arms create
  There is this, and more, for me;
There is wine, and dreams, and a laugh at Fate,
  And Life's dark mystery.

—*E. Carl Litsey.*

CRUEL MAN.

"Well, you know, Mr. Winters," said Miss Oldfield, airily, "a girl of eighteen is quite as old as a man of twenty-one."

"Oh, frequently," retorted Winters; "I know an eighteen-year-old maiden who was born in 1872."

PROFITABLE.

VERY YOUNG MAN—You wouldn't think it, but I've just paid $50,000 in cash for a house, all made by my own pluck and perseverance.

YOUNG LADY — Really! What business are you in?

VERY YOUNG MAN—I'm a son-in-law.

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Photo by Morrison, Chicago.

NELL AND LOLA HAWTHORNE IN ONE OF THEIR BRISKEST SONGS.

The following letter explains why we publish this picture.

Editor BROADWAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir :—Why don't you publish some pictures of the Hawthorne sisters? They are very pretty and clever. When the BROADWAY MAGAZINE was young you used to publish one nearly every month. You haven't had one for a year. Please publish a picture at once, and oblige "RITA OF ROCHESTER."

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FRANKIE RAYMOND, THE LITTLE AMERICAN COMEDIENNE WHO RETURNS TO THE STAGE.

Miss Raymond, who in private life is Mrs. David Henderson, began her stage career when she was only seventeen in the chorus of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Gondoliers." In a few weeks she began to play small parts and since then has interpreted most of the important rôles in the famous Henderson extravaganzas, including such characters as *Belinda* in "Our Boys." Miss Raymond is a tremendous favorite in the West. Many American dramatic critics have likened her to a combination of the late Annie Pixley and Alice Atherton. Miss Raymond will probably figure prominently in an important production in New York and on the road next season.

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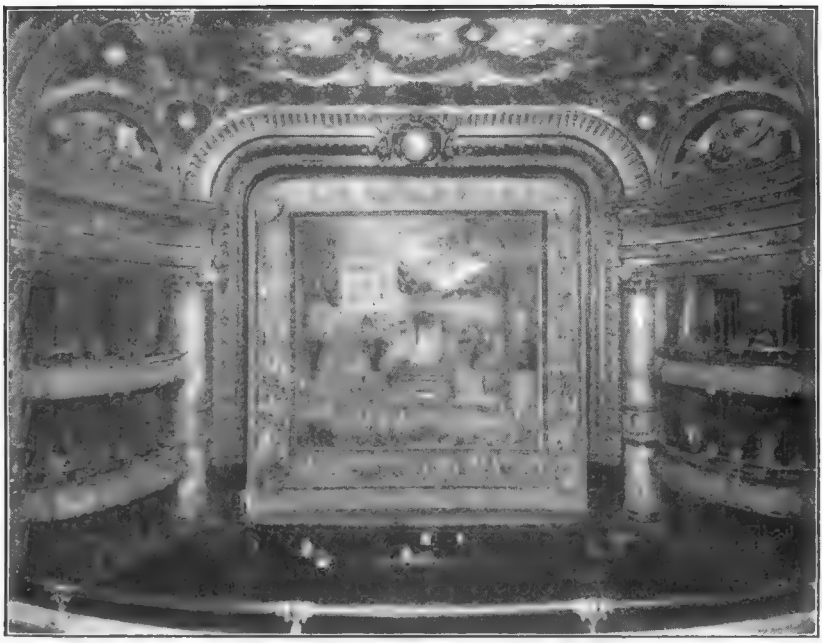

A flashlight showing curtain and stage boxes.

Flashlight of beautiful entrance hall.

A NEW AND BEAUTIFUL AMERICAN PLAYHOUSE—THE COLONIAL THEATRE, BOSTON, MASS.

(From photos taken especially for Broadway Magazine by Stebbins, Boston.)

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"IN GAY PAREE."

[From our resident Paris correspondent, Frank Lloyd.]

PARIS, April 1901.

A CERTAIN little baron must have an excellent digestion if the tale I have heard be true. He is a member of *le monde joyeux*. The other night he happened to be at a theatre on the boulevards and on the stage he spied a divinity whose charms struck him dumb with admiration. After a little trouble he managed to discover her name in the programme.

* * *

Between the acts he went to a florist in the neighborhood and ordered an exquisite bouquet, which he sent to the lady's dressing-room, accompanied by a little card inviting her to supper.

* * *

Unhappily, it appears that the stupid messenger went to the wrong dressing-room, which was inhabited by an artiste of a very certain age. The elderly damsel was indignant and tore up the note, but of course kept the flowers. And the little baron waited in the appointed *café*, but the dainty lady arrived not. While he waited he ate cherry tarts to the number of a dozen.

* * *

Of course the story has got about, and the mere mention of *Tartes aux cerises* has the same effect on him as a pink rag has on a bull.

* *

I received a *petit bleu* the other evening announcing that a friend of mine had come over to Paris for a few days, so I hastened down to see him. To my astonishment he had recently married and was on his honeymoon. I was introduced to his wife, who was a beautiful girl of quiet and aristocratic bearing. And then he wanted to know what was the best thing to see, so I suggested the Vaudeville Theatre.

LOUISE GLAZIER,
Who has made a hit in Paris in "The Dance of Flowers."

* * *

In the morning there came an early ring to the bell of my flat, and in marched my friend. He carried a visiting-card in his hand, and his face seemed perturbed.

"You know Paris, old chap. I want you to do me a favor."

"Anything in the world."

"I want you to be my second in a duel."

"Great Heavens!" I cried, jumping from my chair in astonishment. "You don't mean it—you're joking!"

"Not at all," he answered.

"Come, tell me all about it," I said soothingly.

* * *

"Well, I went to the Vaudeville with my wife last night."

He said the word "wife" as if he were not quite used to it, and I smiled an encouraging and indulgent smile.

"Go on."

"We were sitting in the second row of the stalls. The play was very good, but I was annoyed at a gray-haired old fool looking at my wife the whole time."

"You wanted to punch his head," I put in. "I know the feeling."

"I very nearly did speak to him. But when we had got outside the theatre my wife gave a little cry, and held this visiting-card in her hand. I looked round and saw the old gentleman hurrying away."

* * *

I took the card from him and looked at it. It was an ordinary Frenchman's visiting-

FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

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FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

JANET MERCER,
a Paris stage beauty of 1901.

card with the name and address printed on it.

No. I'll be merciful, and not give that.

On the back was written in a mixture of French and English the following:

I can't quite make up my mind whether you are French or English. At any rate you are quite charming. Write at once and let me know.

Then I gave my friend a little sermon on the state of the morality of France. I at last soothed him with a promise that I would write about it in "Gay Paree," and that he should send a marked copy of BROADWAY MAGAZINE to the *vieux marcheur*.

The automobile *chauffeurs* of Paris are veritable fiends. They care not for the poor foot passengers. Many of the accidents are fatal, but here is one rather inclined to comedy than tragedy.

* * *

A *chauffeur* was driving his machine in the Faubourg Saint-Antoine faster than he should have done, when he knocked down an old man. Of course, the *chauffeur* at once put on full speed, and has not yet been heard of. The poor old victim did not rise from the ground. A crowd of humane persons quickly gathered round him, and tried

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to lift him up. It was in vain. "My leg is broken," he cried.

* * *

A cab was brought and he was taken to the Saint-Antoine Hospital in a supposed state of delirium—for the poor old man kept begging to be allowed to mend his own leg. When he arrived at the hospital it was found he was not so seriously injured as was imagined, for he wore a wooden leg.

* * *

A strange case of mental aberration occurred on Sunday. A well-dressed woman presented herself at the police-station of the Rue de Tanger, and asked to see the Commissary of Police. She informed that officer that she had killed her husband and his mistress. The woman was detained, and two policemen sent to her home. They entered the woman's bedroom and found in the bed—two beautiful dolls. The throats of both of them had been cut with a razor, which was lying by the side of the bed. Jealousy had played havoc with the poor devil's brain.

* * *

I looked in at the *matinée* of "Les Rouges et les Blancs," the play at the Porte-Saint-Martin Theatre.

The plot is not a complex one. The scene is laid in a village in Brittany, where Louis Philippe's soldiers are shooting down the Vendée peasants who have risen in arms to place the Duchesse de Berry's son on the throne. The most interesting character in the play is Renaison, a police spy, who tries to secure an ally in Jan de Tréadec, a Legitimist chief, by representing to him that his wife, Hélène, has a guilty intrigue with Louis de Kerléar. The villainous plot, however, fails, and the spy is killed.

One or two historical personages like Berryer and Dentz are introduced. Mlle. Berthe Cerny played the part of the flighty duchesse, and Mlle. Deschamps played the role of Hélène.

* * *

The scene is a flat in the Champs Elysées, where dwells a famous actress of the world-half-worldly. The salon is full of exquisite flowers, and around the table is gathered a crowd of men and women. Fun is rampant and the hostess takes the lead. Never has she been more witty or more devil-may-care. The guests hear sounds of revelry in an adjoining chamber.

* * *

"Another party?" asks one.

"No," answers the hostess; "it is only my servants enjoying themselves."

At a late hour in the morning the guests departed, saying it was one of the most enjoyable evenings that they had ever spent. It has now leaked out that the sound of revelry which

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

VALERIE MARCHMONT,
a Dancer at the Folies Bergère.

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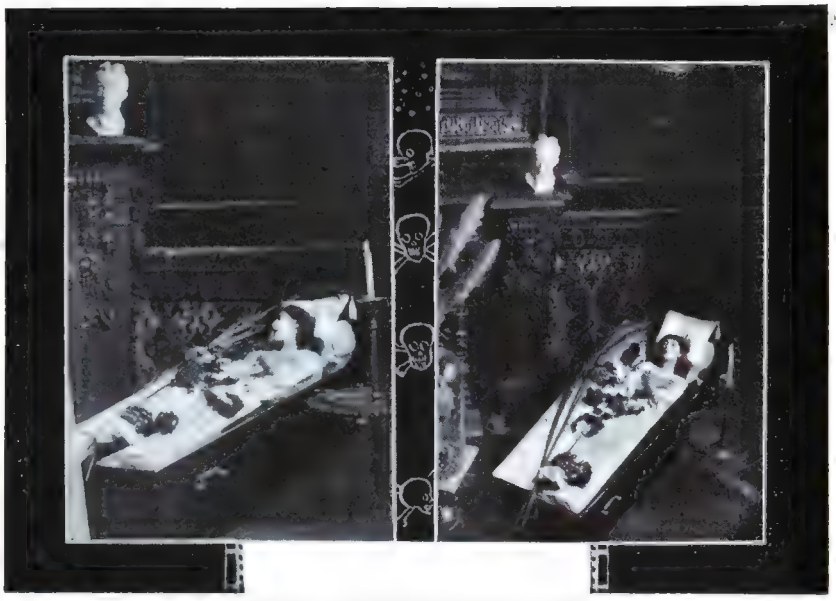

A PLEASANT LITTLE IDIOSYNCRASY OF SARAH BERNHARDT'S.

Here are two photos of the French actress as she actually appeared while sleeping in the coffin which has stood in her bedroom for some years. No wonder they say genius is only another form of insanity.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

had been heard was the laughter of the brokers who had seized the furniture that same morning. There is nothing but admiration for the nerve of the fair one.

* * *

A couple of "gommeux" were seated in one of the *cafés* on the grand boulevards. The American equivalent of "gommeux" is "masher." I was seated at the next table, and the drivel they talked made me feel ill. A young woman came in. She was clothed in exquisite sable, and I recognized her as a well-known performer in comic opera. One of the "gommeux" stared at her hard, and then raised his hat. She looked at him coldly and passed into the supper-room.

* * *

"Do you know her?" asked his friend in a tone expressive of much admiration.

"Yes," answered the other after a little hesitation.

"Where did you meet her?"

"I traveled in the same carriage from Auteuil."

"Alone?" said the other in an astonished voice.

"No, there were eight other people in the carriage."

And then they resumed their intellectual talk.

* * *

An escapade of a *grande dame* has just been noted in the journals. The Marquise de C—— is a lady who belongs to a famous family and she lives in a sumptuous house in the Rue Balzac. Just recently she was taking a stroll in the Avenue of the Champs Elysées, where she passed two well-dressed youths. A little of *la mimique Française* was brought to bear, with the result that she asked them to visit her at her house.

* * *

It appears that the marquise is of an eccentric disposition, for she clothed them in Spanish dresses, and during two days they danced while she supplied the music with castanets. But her guests disappeared one fine morning and with them a quantity of valuable jewelry. This very curious affair is to be investigated by a magistrate. It is a comment upon the Parisian manners of the new century.

A pencil snap-shot at ALMA AUGIER, a ballerina who is setting the male Parisian heart aflame.

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WHY LILLIAN RUSSELL IS THIN

THE whole town for the past twelve months has been marveling at Lillian Russell's svelte form.

How does she do it?

I'll tell you. She does it in a perfectly sane and reasonable manner. She exercises as religiously as she bathes, and the result is almost a shock to those who remember when Miss Russell was getting—well, fat is really the word.

Every day in the year Miss Russell goes through a course of athletic exercise under the watchful eye of an instructor. That gentleman was once an aspirant for fistic honors, and what he doesn't know about training is not worth bothering about. In the Ariston apartment house, where Miss Russell lives when she is in New York, has been fittted up a small gymnasium, where Miss Russell and her instructor are to be found every forenoon going through the prescribed course laid down, and which has certainly done wonders for the beautiful actress.

Boxing, dumb-bell exercise, and punching the bag are a few of the items that go to make up the Russell curriculum.

And what is the result? To-day Miss Russell is positively thin. She has never in her life looked so beautiful, and there is not the slightest sign of a return of that increasing girth that seemed to threaten her beauty of form a few years.

And that's why Lillian Russell is thin.

ALICE CHOATLEY.

RECIPROCITY.

TAILOR—Look here! I have worried myself sick over that bill of yours.

CASKET (the undertaker)—That's all right, old man. If worst comes to worst, you can take it out in trade.

POOR, WEAK WOMAN.

THE theatrical manager leaned wearily against the desk in the office of the hotel.

"Well, how goes it?" said the clerk.

The manager shrugged his shoulders without replying.

"Good business?"

The manager evaded the question.

"I'm afraid we may have to close before the season's over. My star's ill; when she comes to the theatre at night she's hardly able to get through her work. She says she can't eat anything."

Just then the speaking-tube whistled.

The clerk turned and held it at his ear. After listening for a moment, he said:

"Wait till I get a pencil. I can't remember it all. I've got to write that down."

Photo by Baker, Columbus, O.

A NEW ONE OF JOHNSTONE BENNETT, as Willie off the Yacht.

As he wrote, he repeated:

"Mock-turtle soup, porterhouse steak, half a chicken, mashed potatoes, peas, beans, tomato salad, ice cream, strawberries and coffee. Whew!" Then he cried into the tube: "How many is that dinner for? One? Scott!"

Then he turned to the manager: "That's the 'star's' dinner," he said quietly.

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EN ROUTE WITH WEBER & FIELDS.

By Henry Fulton Barry.

THE finest rolling stock of the Pennsylvania Railroad was whirling westward the members of New York's most unique stock company—Weber & Fields' great combination of stars, comets and meteors.

Through a vestibuled passage of the solidly built train I hurried in search of the chorus. In section 7 of coach 2 I found Mae Sherwood, Genevieve Dolaro, Jessie Richmond and Carrie May engaged in a game of "bridge."

"Why aren't you playing poker, girls?" I asked.

Miss Sherwood sighed. "We are going too fast to ante; besides, gambling isn't allowed in the State of New Jersey."

"Don't let me interrupt your little game," I begged; "but how do you like 'roading it'?"

"When you leave New York you are camping out!" chimed the quartet.

Bonnie Maginn came running down the aisle of the coach. "Have you seen George Ali?" she excitedly demanded. "He's up to dog tricks and my French poodle is missing. Do you think he could have crawled out of a window?"

"Who? George Ali?"

"No; Pom Pom, my dog."

"When I last saw him he was eating terrapin in the dining-room car."

"Oh, do go and fetch him!" she implored.

"Miss Russell," I said, when I had found the poodle, who was seated in the prima donna's lap, lapping ice cream out of a finger bowl, "Miss Russell, Miss Maginn wishes her dog."

"Oh, come now," called De Wolf Hopper from a near-by table, "let the dog get a square meal for once in his life."

A white-jacketed porter entered the car. "Telegram for Mistah Webah!" he shouted.

"Joe" tore open the envelope, and then read aloud:

"'How's this for the Marconi system? Am telegraphing from baggage car. D. Warfield.'"

"Porter," ordered "Joe," "take this message back and tell Mr. Warfield to put on a one-cent revenue stamp. The United States Government must not be defrauded at this stage of our tour."

John T. Kelly was asking Fay Templeton a conundrum that ran like this: "When is

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BELLE ROBINSON, A WEBER & FIELDS GIRL.

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a train of cars like a railroad station?"

The answer was lost, for at that moment Hopper's deep bass calls for stationery.

"I forgot to write home before we left Jersey City," he comments, as a tear glistened in each eye.

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GENEVIEVE DOLARO, A WEBER & FIELDS GIRL.

Dappa Grey and Phyllis La Fond come through.

"Mr. Fields," they complain, "six in a section is too many. We wish you would attend to the matter."

"Lou" went ahead to adjust things. When he returned he informed us that they were playing a ten-minute "stand" of "A Happy Family" in that particular section.

"I fined 'em all around," he added.

I returned to the chorus.

"What's the matter, girls?"

Sweet Inez Rae was in tears.

"Somebody's stolen my novel," she cried.

Eva Allen, also, had a grievance.

"The ice-water isn't cold," she grumbled.

"Try a cocktail," I suggested.

"Make it two," called Lillian Heckler.

I pushed the button. John Stromberg, the musical director of the company, was composing a march in the solitude of a state-room. Evidently there was too much noise in the coach. Suddenly the door of the state-room opened and Stromberg poked his head out.

"Please bring me a piano," he called. "I want to drown the sound of wheels."

Harold T. Morey broke in: "My God!" he exclaimed. "I forgot my hair-brushes."

"Oh, there are barbers along the line," remarked some one; "in fact, there's one on the train."

"But he doesn't use my hair-brushes," wailed Harold.

Word reached me that Lillian Russell, Weber, Fields, and Dave Warfield had started a little game of draw. When I reached the scene of action Dave was trembling with a suppressed poker-face.

Russell, queen of comic opera and queen of poker players, had a stack of chips as high as a silk hat, and the three men were looking glum.

"Miss Russell," observed "Joe," "if this keeps on we'll have to return to town; I'll be using our train tickets if you continue to raise."

Fair Lillian raked in a goodly sized pot. Hopper and Fay Templeton were amusing themselves with a diminutive roulette wheel.

"Don't I wish the Committee of Fifteen was here!" observed De Wolf; "they'd get lots of evidence, eh?"

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Upper girl is
OLIVE ULRICH
("My Lady" Company)
Lower girl is
KITTIE LESLIE,
Dancer.

I interviewed George Ali, "The Dog." "How many one-night stands will you play?"

"Perhaps two dozen," he answered.

"Say, it's wonderful what two little Dutch comedians have been able to do, eh, George?"

"They are the people."

It was getting close on to sleeping time, and the porters were letting down and making up the berths.

Curtains were drawn and pairs of dainty boots and Oxfords lined the aisles.

The chorus retired for the night. In the smoking compartments the men talk and burn up fragrant Havanas. It is a little too early for them.

Hopper related an historical anecdote:

"We read in the annals of Valerius Maximus that, when the Romans under Gracchus Demetrius Carracas were prosecuting the Macedonian war, Publius Vatinius, dreaming at Rome——"

Dave Warfield interupted:

"Dionysius, of Syracuse, while lying one night upon his couch, heard——"

Kelly came in the argument:

"Drusus, charged by the Emperor Augustus to appear to him in a dream——"

"Oh, cut all that!" cried Weber; "you people are not yet in the legitimate."

"Here's something," remarked "Lou" in sleepy tones; "a Semitic personage not understanding a single word of Greek visited a certain fire insurance linguist, for the purpose of showing him certain words which he had heard during a dream and written out in Yiddish characters, without being able to comprehend either their meaning or the language in which they were expressed. The fire insurance linguist discovered the phrase to be in Greek, and could be translated: 'Move on the first of May; see you not that death threatens you?' The dreamer thus warned removed everything from his place of business, which took fire the succeeding night."

We were within a mile of Pittsburg. I arose and bade all good-night.

"Gentlemen, a prosperous tour. I get off at Pittsburg."

An hour later I was in bed and fast asleep in Pennsylvania's smokiest city.

WINNER OF EDITORIAL PRIZE.

IN last month's issue of BROADWAY MAGAZINE appeared a number of editorials received from our readers in response to an announcement in the preceding number.

The editorial by Edgar Davenport, 254 West Fifty-second street, New York City, headed "Tame the Wild Motor-Vehicler," received the greatest number of votes, and consequently a nice, shiny five-dollar gold piece has been sent to Mr. Davenport.

A SPRING STUDY OF A SPRING GIRL,
by R. L. Curran, New York.
She's an actress. Do you recognize her?

BROADWAY STORIETTES.

Told by MAY IRWIN.

HE was standing in front of the bakeshop window, gazing at the jam tarts. His pretty golden curls fell over his shoulders, and his innocent face bore a look of ecstatic appreciation of the good things within.

An old lady approached.

"Would you like one of those tarts, little dear?" she said to the blue-eyed boy.

"Would I like *one* of them damned tarts?" was the answer. "Hell! would I like *forty* of 'em!"

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HELEN GRANTLEY, THE COLLEGE GIRL
(Now Mrs. Delcher),

in a network of college and fraternity emblems. Miss Grantley was a member of one of Mr. Delcher's companies when she became his bride recently. BROADWAY MAGAZINE offers a year's subscription to the one who first sends in a correct list of the universities and societies represented by these emblems.

ENTRE NOUS.

In politics' fierce battle you have won
  Fame and success; you can afford to smile
And wear a tall silk hat, a lofty air,
  And other things that well become your style.

But does there sometimes come, at night, to you
  A recollection of that Summer's bliss?
And would you give it all to feel again
  The ling'ring passion of one woman's kiss?

My frocks are quite correct, my jewels rare,
  My husband perfect, and the smartest set
Bows to my sceptre. When I entertain
  I get two columns. Think of that! And yet

This straitlaced life, alas! it suits me ill;
  I'm bored to death with town's propriety.
I want the gay old times, the merry gang,
  And you, sweetheart, just as you used to be.

A. E. SHAW.

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ANNA HELD,

who now speaks English and has become a tremendous stage favorite.

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DOROTHY TENNANT.
A pretty actress with pretty hair.
Photos by Schloss, New York.

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Gin Fizzes and Things.

BEING SOME PERTINENT AND IMPERTINENT PARAGRAPHS ABOUT MEN AND WOMEN.

MAY BUCKLEY AND HER TROUBLES.

May Buckley has had enough notoriety to last her for a lifetime. Those of us who thought her gurgling voice and pretty manner were due to an untroubled mind evidently made a mistake. As the wife of one Garlic she could hardly be expected to be happy. Such a name would drive any woman to Bloomingdale or Balzac. It was an open secret that Dingwall, Jacob Litt's right-hand man, was madly in love with the little actress. It's a pretty tough deal to get a bullet for a keepsake.

CLUB THE FOOLS.

This shooting of Dingwall by a young buck is only another proof of the fact that there are in New York at all times a lot of morphine and whiskey-soaked young asses from all parts of the country who make fools of themselves in public resorts and are interesting only when they are dangerous. A good, long club, wielded smartly in the hands of a lusty policeman, would go a long way towards the prevention of shooting affrays by overfed cubs.

A NEW STORY.

This is a story I heard the other day in the Marlborough. Jack Tannerton and some friends from Rochester were cornering the Old Crow market by the glassful. Jack succumbed first. His friends took him to the Imperial, put him in bed, covered his body with vaseline, and then took the feathers out of a pillow and stuck them all over him. After this was done they turned on the steam, lighted the gas, closed all the windows, and went home. In a few hours Jack awoke from a troubled sleep. He was hot. He was sure of that—but something else seemed to be the matter, too. He got up to look at the clock on his dresser, and caught sight of himself in the mirror.

"Holy smoke!" said Jack. "In hell—and a bird!"

ETHEL BARRYMORE'S CONDITION.

They say that Ethel Barrymore, who has scored a tremendous personal triumph in "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines," is a very sick girl. She has always been fragile. On more than one occasion she has fainted in her dressing-room.

Miss Barrymore is a clever little woman, and it is to be hoped that she will take more than ordinary care of the Barrymore constitution, which will not stand much strain without snapping.

MR. MANSFIELD, EXPLAIN!

Richard Mansfield has been telling dramatic students how to become popular with the public. He has not, however, said much about popularity with members of his own profession and company. Treating subordinates as if they were human beings, occasionally smiling like a person with normal impulses, and thinking once in a while of the feelings of high-strung, delicate women, will go far towards accomplishing the latter result.

Why, oh, why, does Mr. Mansfield eschew these interesting topics?

MANAGERS WHO ARE WILLING.

Again there is talk of a subsidized theatre. I don't quite know who will do the subsidizing, but I beg leave to state that I can furnish a list of at least eighty-three managers who would steer the dramatic craft at the drop of the hat, and when the final announcement is made, I'll guarantee to add four names a day for several years.

It's wonderful how emergencies bring out brave men and true!

SAGE AND GREEN—CATERERS.

It is said that Hetty Green and Russell Sage have been asked to put money into a proposed new hotel at Broadway and Forty-second street.

Uncle Russell will agree if he can get a book of passes on the Broadway line, but Aunt Hetty holds back because she is afraid her husband and daughter will want to skip over occasionally from Hoboken and eat in the restaurant and thus bring down the profits.

And that's no dream!

THE MAN ON BROADWAY.

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"THE CIGARETTE MAKER'S ROMANCE."

A PLAY OF FANTASTIC BEAUTY AS SEEN BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

IT would be a sad day for the stage if the realists, the haters of convention, the problem makers, and the lovers of all that is harsh and discordant in life, had their way and outlawed the romance of fantasy. Take "The Cigarette Maker's Romance," for instance. We do not know very much, or care more, whether it all actually happened, but we wish sincerely in our hearts that the courteous, refined, airy, deeply earnest, but memory-lost, *Count Skariatine* could have existed in the flesh.

We love him, and admire him, and weep for him, as fancifully drawn in the charming novel of Marian Crawford, who has, more than most novelists of to-day, the *mens sana in corpore sano*. No one ever takes up a book written by this enchanting writer without feeling better, stronger, more hopeful, more charitable from the perusal of it. Very rarely, indeed, does a prominent figure in romantic fiction step upon the stage uninjured and unstained. Charles Hannan has succeeded in securing the dear *Count Skariatine* from dramatic oblivion, and with rare art, insight, and sympathy, Martin Harvey has made of him one of the most lovable figures on the modern stage. We class this brain-tossed *Count* even higher than *Dick Phenyl* or *George d'Alroy*, or the two chums in the "Two Roses," for though in all these lives there was an element of romance, here we have an exquisite embroidery of fancy.

Notice the *Count* as he enters with his old-fashioned air of courtesy, the wave of the hat, the cheery good-day before he takes his accustomed seat at the bench with his fellow workmen. What wonder that they love him, women and men alike, but best of all the devoted *Viera*, with the glory of red gold hair.

Poor, dear *Count*. He has a bee in his bonnet that buzzes about, but never disturbs his faithful comrades. He has a spider in his ceiling, but it does not sit beside the girl he loves so well. How pathetic it all is! How it moves us to tears when we see this honorable gentleman, whose memory has abandoned him, knowing that he is of aristocratic lineage and rich, but unable to prove it, and whose constant wail is, "They will come some day!" Yes, yes, they will come. So fixed is this unalterable faith that the comrades in the factory amiably humor him. It is only *Viera* who is distracted, not at his faith, but his helplessness. She is the sweet and true woman.

SHE WANTED THE DUKE HERSELF.

Portia Knight, the California girl who sued the Duke of Manchester for breach of promise. She has been on the stage. Her brother is a lawyer of Oregon.

In this style of pathetic character, in which the French excel, before it was considered in England a crime to translate or adapt a play, the names of Alfred Wigan and Maurice Barnett were prominent on the English stage. They loved and interpreted with great skill works created by Bouffée, and Lafont, and Regnier, and in later years they suggested to our stage such delightful works as "Sunshine Through the Clouds" (La Joie Fait Peur), "The Poor Nobleman," "The First Night," and others of that class. The critics of to-day would, if they had their will, banish such little poems from the stage and doubtless ridicule the art of a Regnier, a Lafont, a Lesueur, an Alfred Wigan, or a John Hare. Was it, after all, such a very great crime to turn "Les Petits Oiseaux" into "A Pair of Spectacles," or to change the delicate "Partie de Piquet" into "A Quiet Rubber"? The play-going world has not suffered from this so-called profanation.

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THE LASCIVIOUS SWINBURNE.

NO, MISS SLOTE, DO NOT LET "SIXTEEN PAST" READ THE POET OF BURNING LIPS.

THE editor of BROADWAY MAGAZINE has received the following note from Miss Mary Ann Slote, principal of District School 9, Saugerties Corners, N. Y.:

"Dear Mr. Editor—One of my young girl pupils is very poetically inclined, and has already read Longfellow, Wordsworth, some Tennyson, and a little Ella Wheeler Wilcox. She wants to study Swinburne. I write to ask you if it is proper reading for a young girl (she is sixteen past), and, if so, will you please tell me where I can get a copy, as our circulating library does not keep it?"

The editor of BROADWAY MAGAZINE presents his complments to Miss Slote and begs to inform her that Swinburne is *not* "proper reading for a young girl," even if "she is sixteen past," and he herewith gives his reasons, with quotations from Swinburne's poems and ballads. If the character of a man's genius drives him exclusively in the direction of libidinous song, it is of no use to advise him and preach to him.

WILLIE NORTON-HERBERT (MRS. JOSEPH HERBERT), an attractive member of "The Fortune Teller" company.

It is not every poet who would ask us all to go hear him tuning his lyre in a pigsty. It is not everybody who would care to let the world know that he found the most delicious food for poetic reflection in the practices of the great island of the Ægean, in the habits of Messalina, of Faustina, of Pasiphäe; that he seeks to glorify all the bestial delights that the subtleness of Greek depravity was able to contrive. No language is too strong to condemn the mixed vileness and childishness of depicting the spurious passion of a putrescent imagination, the unnamed lust of sated wantons, as if they were the crown of character and their enjoyment the great glory of human life. Is there nothing in woman worth singing about except "quivering flanks" and "splendid, supple thighs," "hot, sweet throats" and "hotter hands than fire," and their blood as "hot-wave wine of love"? Has he nothing more to say, no further poetic task, but to go on again and again about

"The white wealth of thy body, made whiter
By the blushes of amorous blows,
And seamed with sharp lips and fierce fingers,
And branded by kisses that bruise."

My dear Miss Slote, would you have your young pupil read

"Kiss me once hard, as though a flame
Lay on my lips and made them fire"?

What could the poor girl make out of

"Stinging lips, wherein the hot, sweet brine
That Love was born of, burns and foams like wine"?

This stinging and biting, all his "lithe lascivious regrets," all his talk of snakes and fire, of blood and wine and brine, of perfumes and poisons and ashes, would be the means of putting your "sixteen past" in the nearest insane asylum. Imagine her with

"Cold eyelids, that hide like a jewel
Hard eyes that grow soft for an hour;
The heavy white limbs and the cruel
Red mouth like a venomous flower;
When these are gone by with their glories,
What shall rest of thee then, what remain,

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"LITTLE LASS O' SPRING."
Drawn for Broadway Magazine by Gerald Connor.

O mystic and somber Dolores,
Our Lady of Pain?"

My dear Miss Slote, bid "sixteen past" stick to her Longfellow, her Wordsworth, her Tennyson, and hang on to her copy of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, till she is "sixty past"; then there will be plenty of time for Swinburne.

Not all the fervor of his imagination, the beauty of his melody, the splendor of many phrases and pictures, can blind us to the absence of judgment and reason, the reckless contempt for anything like a balance, and the audacious counterfeiting of strong and noble passions by mad intoxicated sensuality. The lurid clouds of lust or of fiery despair and defiance never lift to let us see the pure and peaceful and bounteous kindly aspects of the great landscape of human life. That's all.

WALTER BEVERLEY CRANE.

"LOOK PLEASANT!"

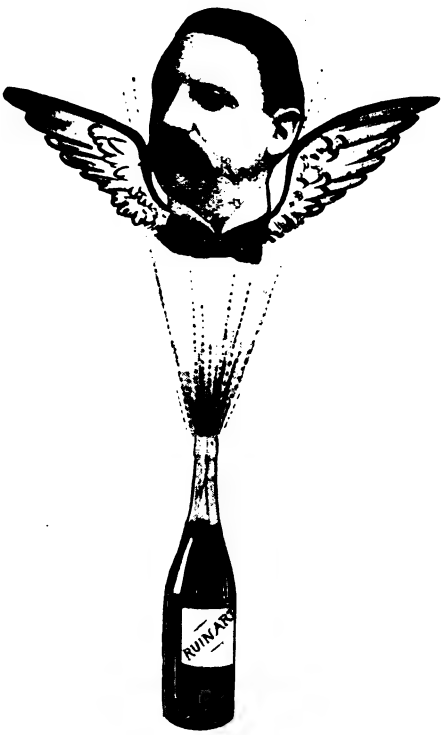
There is to be a long distance camera race amongst those feminine Broadwayites who have pictures taken before breakfast every morning.

I'll back Bonnie Maginn against Mazie Follette and Rose Clarke combined, and give the latter two dozen start. Such a race would attract attention from Schloss to Morrison and back again.

A DEFENDER OF HYPNOTISM.

DR. LAMONT SAGE, of New York City, recently appeared before the New York State Legislature at Albany and defended hypnotism, and during his address paid much attention to the theory on which hypnotists work. This is a part of his discourse:

"I contend that hypnotism is a suggestion, and, strictly speaking, any influence exerted over another is hypnotism. Unless one were willing to be hypnotized no one could do it or place one under the influence, and the more intelligent the mind the more susceptible it is. It requires the subject to do two-thirds of the work while the instructor only does one-third. Hypnotism is not an inherent influence or gift, but can be learned by any one who can read. It is impossible to compel a person to commit wrong while under the influence, for he or she retains a subconsciousness that permits a discrimination against right or wrong."



LEN H. WAGER. A NEW BUT TYPICAL BROADWAYITE.

Mr. Wager was years ago a handsome little Senate page. It was there that he made many influential friends, and now that he is a grown man, with a moustache and an ambition, he finds it profitable to conduct a café in the Herald Theatre Building, at Broadway and Thirty-fifth street. Here congregate some of the choicest spirits of the town, with an occasional visitor of national importance, who wants to know how "that Wager boy is getting along." To all inquiring friends we rise to remark that he is getting along nicely.

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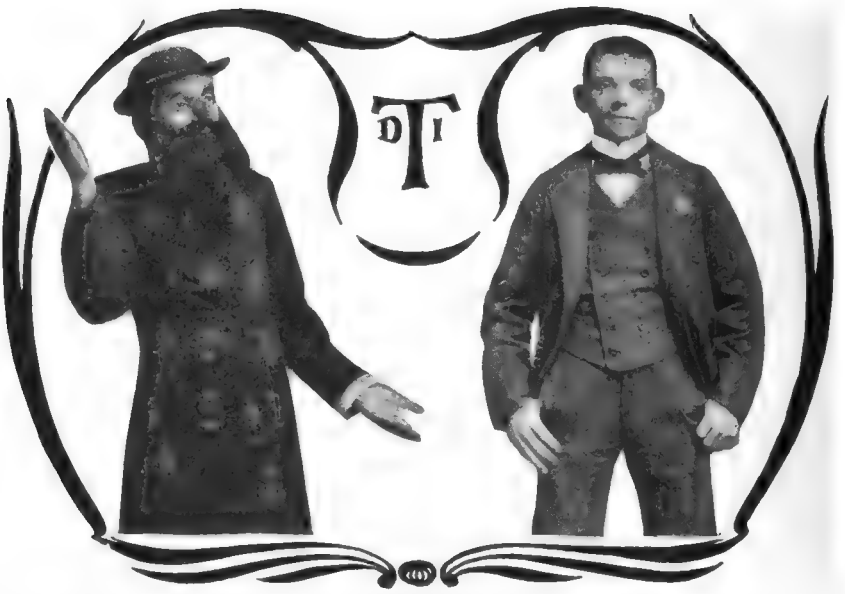

D. IRELAND THOMAS, A CLEVER NEW CHARACTER COMEDIAN OF THE VAUDEVILLE STAGE.

Mr. Thomas has been making a tremendous hit in the South, and particularly at Tampa, Florida, where for some weeks he has been appearing at the Buckingham Theatre. He is a comparatively newcomer to the stage, but his Jew impersonation and other character work have placed him in the front rank of our younger stage entertainers.

A SONG OF WET FEET.

De mockin'-bird done hide he head—
  Hit mos' too cool ter sing;
De alligator gone ter bed
  En won't wake up 'twell spring.

Col' time in de country,
  Col' time in de town;
Ketch dat cane-juice drappin' sweet,
  En shake dem 'simmons down.

Col' time in de country,
  Col' time in de town;
Roas' dem 'taters, 'Mandy Jane,
  En cook dat 'possum brown.

Photos by Sarony, New York.

MARGARET ANGLIN,

the new permanent leading lady of Charles Frohman's Empire Theatre Stock Company. Also a scene, one of the striking bits, from "Mrs. Dane's Defense," showing Charles Richman and Miss Anglin in the Third Act.

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A DIFFERENT ONE OF CAROLINE HEUSTIS GRAVES,

of whom we have not published a picture for several hours. This picture shows Miss Graves in the overt act of exclaiming "Do not forget me!"

BROADWAY STORIETTES.

Told by JOHN PROCTOR.

The poor cab horse looked sorrowful; the old car horse noticed it.

"What's the matter, Bill?" said he.

"Why, haven't you heard of the new and awful conspiracy against us horses?"

"Nix; ain't heard a word."

"Why, they've brought infernal machines over here to blow us up. Why, there's one of them damned things now!" and the poor fellow fell in a fit.

But the automobile never noticed the sufferer.

EVIL ASSOCIATIONS.

"I understand," said Mrs. Kostique, "that you have been seen promenading with my husband; is that true?"

The governess drew herself up defiantly.

"Yes, it is," she replied.

"Well, Miss Primer," the other continued calmly, "if you wish to remain here, you'll have to keep better company."

NORMAN SELBY,

otherwise better known as Charles (Kid) McCoy.

Mr. McCoy is now a full-fledged and seasoned Broadwayite because he is the head and front of a caravansary on Broadway. He has become a notable figure of the street. Unlike many fighters, Mr. McCoy is not very loud-mouthed, and manages to attend to his own business in a serene and unconscious manner which might well be copied by other prominent men of the ring. Mr. McCoy's plate-glass windows are on full exhibition every day at Fortieth street and Broadway.

HOW IT IS WORKED.

SHANK—Hello! there stands old Uncle Van Fossil, our most distinguished citizen. He's one hundred and five years old. Always a rather no-account fellow till he reached his hundredth birthday. Since then his literary work has brought him a fine living.

O'SHAWE — Literary work? What does he do?

SHANK—Oh, he has a steady job writing testimonials to the various remedies that have prolonged his life.

WHO SAID IT WAS?

MRS. STYLES (who owns a pet spaniel)—I see by the paper, in the largest library in Oxford, England, has hung from time immemorial this notice, "Women and dogs not admitted here." Isn't that ridiculous?

MR. STYLES — (who hates dogs)— Nothing ridiculous about it. A public library is no place for kissing.

ONE OPINION OF BROADWAY MAGAZINE.

The BROADWAY MAGAZINE best ever.

MLLE. PROTO.

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This series began in our issue of October, 1899, and has been continued each month since.

Photos by Fowler and Rockwood.

WILLIAM GILLETTE,
who will play in his own piece, "Sherlock Holmes," in London next summer.
(Published by special request.)

WILLIAM FAVERSHAM,
leading man of The Empire Theatre Stock Company.
(Published by special request.)

America's Matinee Heroes.

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GOOD FORM ON THE AMERICAN STAGE.

The head belongs to Virginia Lloyd, a pupil of a New York dramatic school; next comes Margaret Dale of "Mrs. Dane's Defense," with her dog. Then there is Margaret Ellington of the Hackett company, and, last of all, Alice Bowen of the "San Toy" company. All photos by Sarony, New York.

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Photos by White, New York.

VIVIAN TOWNSEND,
of "The Climbers" company, at the Bijou Theatre, New York City.

ONE UPPERMOST THOUGHT.

THE SAINTED DUGAN—Why did yez throw yer golden harp down, Pat?

THE SAINTED FLANAGAN—Begorra, Moike! didn't yez hear the whistle blow?

EASILY DONE.

JONES—I wish I knew how to act when I meet a baby. I always feel like a fool.

WILLS—All you have to do is to act the way you feel.

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MAXINE ELLIOTT AS *PORTIA* IN "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."

THE GOODWINS IN "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."

WHEN N. C. Goodwin first announced his intention of producing "The Merchant of Venice" on a magnificent scale, there were a good many nods and winks and expressions of doubt as to the actual production of the piece. "The Merchant of Venice," however, is a thing of fact, and bids fair to be one of the most memorable Shakespearian revivals in the history of the American stage.

Mr. Goodwin has reached that point in his career where everything he does is accepted with some degree of polite attention by the public. It is not necessary for him any longer to contend that he is not a buffoon, that he really can act, and that his art does not consist in making faces. He is above all things a close student in anything he attempts, and, as a consequence, "The Merchant of Venice" may be looked upon as one of the season's important events.

It was to be expected, of course, that Maxine Elliott would play *Portia* to her husband's *Shylock*. Miss Elliott is about four times a better actress than she was when she became Mrs. Goodwin. Not even her stateliness and great beauty can disguise the fact that she really acts these days.

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FOR OXCHANGE

A NICE, healthy Male Infant, 30 years old, for a rubber-tired Baby Perambulator, well oiled. ANXIOUS WIFE, 80 Flimerflam.

WHAT am I offered for a fur-lined Overcoat worn 365 times? Would exchange for fine Diamonds. Address COUNT, care Barber Shop, Flimerflam.

THE best Gold Brick ever brought from the Klondike for anything of corresponding value. ON THE QUIET, No. 600 Thames street.

GOING abroad. Would exchange Services for Prepaid Passage. Address WANTED, Flimerflam.

AN old feather Bed, formerly occupied by George Washington, the first President of the United States. VETERAN, 1812, Trenton, N. J.

MUST have money. Will exchange my collection of trained Mosquitoes for Thirty Cents. NATURALIST, Bronx Park, Borough of the Bronx.

WANTED—Houses, lots, horses and carriages, and household furniture for 1,000 shares of Certain Mining Stock, worth $1,000 a share a few years from now. Address PROSPECTOR, Mills Hotel.

COCKATOO, with brass cage slightly damaged by water, fire, and moulting, in exchange for an American eagle ($20). "BIRD," Sub-Treasury, Wall st.

HAVE a pair of snow-shoes. Want linen duster. TRAVELER, Flimerflam.

WILL exchange advertising space in a new monthly magazine for a temporary loan of $500. FAMOUS PUBLISHER, Flimerflam.

BANJO, used twice, for a full brass band. MUSICIAN, Central Park.

HIGH tide lots on Jersey Flats for mosquito nettings. Address LOW WATER, Taylor's Hotel, Jersey City.

HAVE four pairs of gloves, almost new. Will exchange for four pairs of shoes that have never been worn. GOOD BARGAIN, Baxter street.

YOUNG society gentleman will trade fine Tuxedo coat for a pair of business pants bearing the stamp of a fashionable tailor. KNICKERBOCKER CLUB, Flimerflam.

I am 98 years old; want life insurance in first-class company in exchange for active services. SPRY, Old Men's Home, City.

LADY will exchange anything for something. PERFECT LADY, care Flimerflam.

A steam yacht, now at the bottom of Sound, for cat-boat that will float. YACHTSMAN, N. Y. Yacht Club.

EDWARD G. NILES,

THE THEATRICAL LAWYER OF THE CAPITAL.

EDWARD G. NILES is called "the theatrical man's friend" by those of the profession who go to Washington. New York has many lawyers who are well known to the-atrical folk, and who figure widely as such in the press, but there are few on the road who, like Attorney Niles, are recognized as theatrical lawyers. Mr. Niles, who is a graduate of General Benjamin F. Butler's office, performs a greater amount of legal service for managers and players visiting Washington than all the other lawyers of the capital put together.

LAWYER EDWARD G. NILES, OF WASHINGTON.

Mr. Niles is not a specialist in the narrow sense of the word, however. He is a corporation attorney of wide reputation, although not of the type one might suppose. He is a famous jury pleader in damage suits against railroad companies, and at the present time he is said to have on the docket of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia nearly $600,000 in cases for damages. His jury cases amount to $20,000 a week. This is enough to keep any ordinary man busy.

Mr. Niles, by the way, is a Broadwayite, ex-officio, so to speak.

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ORIGINAL BROADWAY MAGAZINE HUMOR.

"Have you heard the news? Jack Busby proposed to Dolly Varden when he took her out automobiling yesterday."

"She caught him on the fly, eh?"

Portrait of a distinguished singer and her admirers.

HEART DISEASE.

BELLE—I had an awful fright the other day while out for a walk with Will.

BETSY—How?

BELLE—Why, we met the minister, and Will asked him to join us.

SO TRUE.

PEARSON—The only way for a man to learn all about women is to get married

GREGSON—And study the ways of his wife, eh?

PEARSON—No, listen to what she tells him about other women

PRUDENT.

JONES—Dear me! You say you often lay down the law to your wife. How do you go about it?

BONES—Why, all you need is firmness. I usually go into my study, lock the door, and do it through the keyhole.

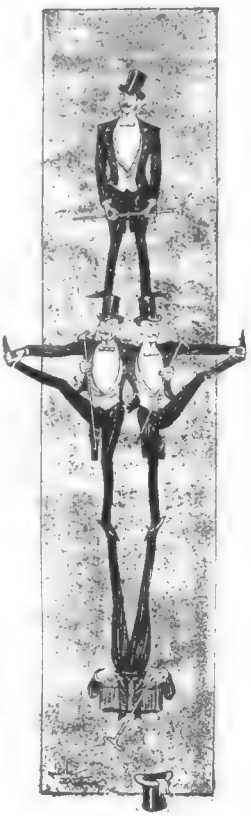
A DEAD SHOT.

BENSON—Look here, that boy of yours threw a stone at me just now and barely missed me!

PROUD FATHER—You say he missed you?

BENSON (angrily)—You heard what I said, didn't you?

PROUD FATHER—Then it couldn't have been my boy.



Puzzle: Can anyone find the fourth head?

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THE ROMANCE OF MISS CASINO.

THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN GIRL IN LONDON, WITH TWO ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.
BY LOUISE LLOYD, OF THE NEW YORK CASINO.

"WHAT are you doing, Clara—thinking of that chap of yours? Say, really, I think you are a goose. You ought to have come with us to the Avoy to-night. Oh, we had great sport! Met Lord Quickstep and the Duke of Chesterman. Lordy, how the champagne did flow! And

they have asked me to luncheon at the Brass-gate Inn to-morrow; then to the races. See what you missed, and all on account of that blond-haired parson's son, too. Where did he take you to—to a lunch-counter? I thought you had a bit of ginger in you, but you haven't got a little bit. In love! Oh, you are a weary proposition to room with!"—and with these words, the speaker, a pretty American chorus girl, dropped heavily into a chair opposite her companion, another equally pretty girl, both members of an American opera company then playing in London.

Clara Leroy, a dainty, petite blonde, sat listlessly brushing her long light hair when her chum entered the room with her breezy account of the evening's doings. She seemed not to hear, and made no answer when the other had finished.

"Oh, I'm awfully tired, Clara. Got a rehearsal at ten, haven't we?"

Then, after a moment, "Say, Clara, are you dumb? Talk, won't you? What's the matter with you?" and she looked toward her companion, who had ceased her brushing and sat with downcast eyes. The light was dim, and Jessie arose and turned it up. She then saw at a glance the traces of tears upon her friend's pretty face, and immediately her heart went out to her. She went toward Clara, and, putting her arms about her, said:

"Been crying, dear? Tell me all about it, won't you?"

Patiently she waited, but no sound save the stifled sobs of the girl broke the silence.

Then, between her sobs, Clara said, "Read this," and, slowly taking from her bosom a neatly folded letter, handed it to her friend. Jessie took the letter, and, going nearer the light, read:

DEAR CLARA: Don't wait for me to-night. I won't be able to see you again. I am a cad, I know, but forgive me, little girl. It was all a mistake. I will be your dear friend always. I was married yesterday and leave to-day on my wedding tour. Yours truly,

JACK.

"Brute!" was the only word uttered by Jessie as she folded the cruel letter.

Brute, indeed! And this is the man who professed undying love and pledged his word to the unsuspecting girl, whose experience in the world had not yet taught her that the hand of fate often wounds us with its merciless stabs when life seems the happiest. The dark cloud comes suddenly upon us, but there is no silver lining—only a quick white flash, which leaves its scar forever. Alas! we must all, some time or other, taste of the first bitter draught, one sip of which often serves to harden and spoil the sweetest nature. But why moralize?

Thus ends the romance of one little chorus girl.

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LIONEL STRONGFORT, THE PERFECT MAN.

BY PETER K. MADDERN.

I HAVE selected Mr. Lionel Strongfort as the first of these articles because he is a good representative of the younger type of athlete.

Strongfort, known as Max Unger in his youth, was not different from other boys. But he was strong, took ordinary exercise, and when he was only twenty years of age he weighed 176¼ pounds, although only 5 feet 7¼ inches in height; neck measurement, 17¼ inches; chest, 43¼ inches—46¼ when inflated and 40¾ when depressed; right biceps, 16¼ inches; left biceps, 15¼ inches; girth of right thigh, 23¼ inches, and the calf of each leg, 15¾ inches. This was only a short time ago, and he has gained correspondingly in strength, although not necessarily in measurement. The real athlete's muscles gradually become hard, but do not always increase in measurement with the passing of years.

I know Strongfort very well. He is a modest, almost retiring, young man, and the mere fact that he is now touring Europe as a strong man proves only his ability in that direction, and also the fact that he needs the money. I know from observation that Strongfort has never been a faddist. He has dieted only in a sensible way. When very young he did a great deal of horizontal-bar and dumb-bell exercise. He did not believe in overdoing anything. He has never "knocked around" much, has used the night for sleep and not carousing, and no doubt that is why he is able to make from $250 to $500 a week.

Which shows that it pays to be virtuous.

LIONEL STRONGFORT,
showing the development of his chest and arms.

Photo by Savoy.
LIONEL STRONGFORT, the perfect man (from the standpoint of muscle).

These articles, illustrated, will be continued from month to month.

WON OVER.

DRUMMER—What was the effect of the big temperance agitation here last week?

LANDLORD (of Pettyville tavern)—Aw, several persons who had never drank in their lives were persuaded to swear off.

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MIGHT BE MUCH WORSE.

FIRST POLITICIAN—The lies these newspapers tell about us are enough to drive one to drink.

SECOND POLITICIAN — True enough; but you have no particular cause for complaint.

FIRST POLITICIAN—Me? How's that?

SECOND POLITICIAN — Well, it might be very much worse. For instance, they might publish the truth.

LIKE HIM.

ARTIST — Here, sir, is the portrait that your son ordered of me.

THE FATHER (regarding it)—The picture is certainly very like him. And he has paid you?

ARTIST—No, sir.

THE FATHER—That is still more like him.

PURE MISTAKE.

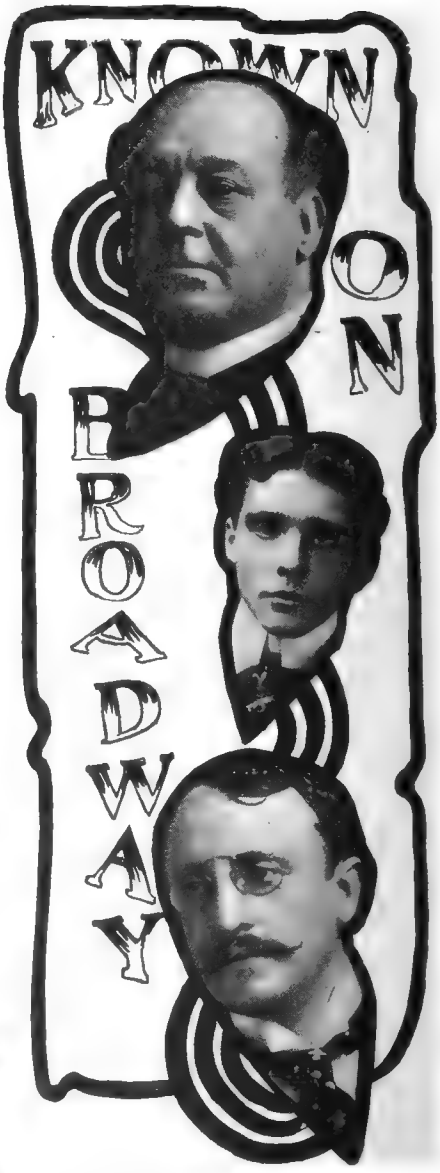
CHAMBERMAID — Last evening monsieur took me for his wife!

COOK—Ah! He kissed you, I suppose?

CHAMBERMAID — Not in the least! He called me names and made a terrible scene.

LILLIAN GREEN,

a pretty singer of the Chamberlyn comic opera forces.



VERNER CLARGES,

of the Kelcey-Shannon company.

PENRHYN STANLAWS,

the clever young artist of the New York *Journal*, whose work has also appeared in BROADWAY MAGAZINE.

JULIUS LEHMANN,

one of New York's clever young lawyers and attorney for some of the biggest concerns of the metropolis. Mr. Lehmann is one of the most forceful speakers before the New York bar and has figured in many famous lawsuits.

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ALICE CHANDLER (left).

MARION WORTHINGTON (right).

SADIE LAUER (left).

ELIZABETH HOLLOWAY (right).

MARGARET WYCHERLY (left).

DEANE WILKIE (right).

SIX NEW AND STUNNING PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE SARONY STUDIO, NEW YORK.

All of the vintage of 1901.

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THE RISE OF A REMARKABLE YOUNG MAN.

LETSON BALLIET, "KING OF EASTERN OREGON," AND WHAT HE HAS DONE.

BY JAMES GRANTHAM SPERRY.

THE preparatory plans for the building of the biggest smelter in the world in Baker City, Oregon, the opening of a hundred mines and connecting them with the smelter by a railroad, the building of machine shops and the employment of over 10,000 men, all under the direction of one man, causes the world to marvel, stand back and inquire "Who is he?" and in the same breath call him king, because he holds the future destiny of the whole State in his hands.

A few years ago the newspapers published, under big headlines, that an Eastern boy had "struck it rich" in Western gold mines. That boy was Mr. Letson Balliet, son of Judge Stephen F. Balliet, of Iowa. A few years ago young Balliet was a country school teacher, and he had been a bookkeeper in a wholesale grocery house in Des Moines, Ia. The chances for getting rich in these lines of work were very slight, so he looked around for an opportunity to better himself. The opportunity came, just as it does to all men—once in a lifetime—and he seized it. His salary was then only $35 per month, but from this he managed to save $10 per month, which he invested in gold mining stock, living and clothing himself out of the balance. His friends laughed at him, but he didn't "weaken." Instead of that he kept on investing, receiving in a few months $2,250 net profit.

With this sum the young man had made quite a start, so he took a trip to the mines and learned the general points of the business. He reinvested his money, came back to Des Moines, and went to college to study engineering, geology and assaying, that he might be better fitted to continue his work in mining. By the time he had finished his education his stock was very valuable, but he accepted a position as chief engineer for the D. M. U. Railway, and later resigned it to accept a position as professor of engineering and chemistry in the Arkansas Methodist University, which he held for three sessions. By this time his mining investments had given him a good start. He had some $30,000 in stock in an Oregon company, and $12,000 in a Colorado company, and about the time he finished his third term as a college professor he took from one of his investments $7,000, and with this he went West to stay. It was not long until he had doubled his capital, and the next time people heard of him was through the newspapers, which stated that he had made $64,900 in twelve days and had been offered $200,000 for his stock in an Idaho mine. Then we heard of him in Oregon and California, and then down in Mexico, interested in a number of mines. To-day he is a director in twelve different companies, besides being interested in sawmills, a lumber company and a brick company in California; and he was one of the first to suggest and proclaim the feasibility, from an engineering standpoint, of the Lake Tahoe Railroad from Truckee.

LETSON BALLIET,
the young financier of the West.

Such was the fortune of the young school teacher who had the nerve to seize the opportunity when it was offered. There are just as good chances now as ever. Mr. Balliet has helped a number of young men to get positions. Some have asked his advice and put in a little money when he told them to, and now they are pretty well off. One young man, a farmer that he had known when he was teaching the country school, wrote to him and asked him to invest $100 in some gold mine for him. He did so, and the same young man received $250 worth of stock for his $100, which he sold for $340 within 30 days; he then sent $150 to Mr.

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Balliet, and in a few weeks he was the happy possessor of $1,000. This same young man is now the vice-president of the Des Moines Marias Mining and Developing Company, and owns many thousands of dollars' worth of stock, and has an income of over $6,000 a year.

Another farmer boy, a total stranger to Balliet, wrote him that he wanted to invest $10 a month in something good. He said he could not afford to lose one dollar.

Mr. Balliet fixed it for him, and, though less than four years ago, that young man is now worth nearly $20,000 and is a director in the company in which he originally invested.

One lady school teacher in Indiana who sent Mr. Balliet $100 for investment is now worth over $15,000, though only two years ago she made her start. He has helped a number of young people to make a start in the last three or four years, and he has kept a book of records, with the names and amounts and what they have made out of it, for he is systematic as well as careful. This book contains over four thousand names, and I was surprised to find that not a single one had ever lost a cent. Most of the names in it were investors in small amounts; some $1 per month, some $5 per month, some $10 per month and some $20 per month. There are some who invested more, and some of them paid $50 and $100 in cash and all the way from that up to $5,000 and $100,000 in cash, but the remarkable fact is that of this list of 4,000 names not one has lost a cent.

Mr. Balliet is not a promoter, but a mining engineer and a mining expert, and he knows what he is doing; and his helping people to get into good things has all been done through kindness. He knows that there are many good things that small investors could take advantage of and make money out of, if they would go into the business properly.

Many good mines are allowed to stand idle through mismanagement, and his business brings him every day among these mines, and as he is constantly running across snap bargains which he picks up himself, he is always willing to give a tip to those who may desire to start right in the world.

"Yes," he said to the writer, "if any of the readers of your paper care for a good investment or advice, I'll point it out to them and give them a tip."

One of the greatest successes ever known in the history of mining was the organizing of the White Swan Mines Company, Limited, on the 6th day of March, in the year 1900. The stock then sold for twenty-five cents per share, and to-day it is off the market entirely. You cannot buy it for $2 per share. This is an almost unheard-of thing in mining, and there is but one man in the United States who could do it, and that is Mr. Letson Balliet, of Baker City, Oregon.

The upper picture displays the charms of Ethel Levy, who, as Mrs. George Cohan, has been dancing herself into popularity in "The Governor's Son." Photo by Morrison, Chicago, Ill.

The lower picture gives some idea of Marie Janckzy, a Hungarian beauty who went to Paris to see Reutlinger, with this result.

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Broadway Magazine.

Vol. VII. MAY, 1901. No. 2

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ROLAND BURKE HENNESSY, Editor. GEORGE A. SHERIN, General Manager.

"SHOULD A GIRL ALLOW A MAN TO KISS HER?"

My Dear Lucy:

The trite thing to say is that it's according to the man. I say it's according to the girl. Some men would kiss a dressmaker's dummy and smack their lips afterwards. But that is only a question of taste, as the girl said when she kissed the poodle.

* * *

Why you should ask me, Lucy, if a girl should allow a man to kiss her I do not know. I have never posed as an osculatory expert, but—well, I cannot see why you shouldn't let him kiss you. Neither can I see why you should. It so much depends on circumstances. For instance, you might have met him only a moment before in a Broadway car. He might consider you impetuous if you should say: "Please, sir, kiss me quick." Of course, he might do it, but, as I have said, he might do some thinking. Then again, perhaps he is your iceman, who has just brought your four ounces for five cents. Why in the world should he struggle up the airshaft to kiss you? If there is a good reason why he should, a great many people certainly would like to be the iceman!

* * *

But it is not unlikely, Lucy, that you mean the young man who calls on you every Wednesday evening. Now, some girls were made to kiss, and some men were made to kiss them. If Jack (I hope his name is not Clarence or Sherwood) is a sensible fellow he will not allow me to settle the question. He will settle it with you in the way lovers always attend to such things. But perhaps he is foolish, or under twenty, which amounts to the same thing. Then don't let him kiss you. A fool or a boy knows no more about the latent qualities of a kiss than an automobile knows about oats.

* * *

Lucy, you have a pretty name—and a sensible one. It's so much better than Penelope or Maesie or Olga. I think you're sensible, too, and I know you will agree with me that if a girl really wants to let a man kiss her, all the advice in the world will not make her change her mind. Kissing is a good deal like the measles—it's catching. Perhaps when he first calls neither of you thinks of kissing. Then he gazes wistfully at your pretty lips, and he makes a wish—a perfectly sane and healthy wish on the part of a normal-minded young man. Telepathy puts you in communication with each other. Pretty soon you find yourself in a receptive mood, and, presto, he has kissed you, and, what's more, you have kissed him. Do you suppose that at this moment you care a fig what my answer would be to the question: "Should a girl allow a man to kiss her?" Not much; and that's right, too, Lucy.

* * *

There are two kinds of girls—those who kiss and those who don't. If you are of the former class, remember one thing. If you care for the respect of the he in the case, kiss him honestly and without trembling—just as a natural thing—and not in a surreptitious way and with the guilty look of the wanton. Be honest in your kissing, as in your love affairs, and all will be well. It is only the stealthy kiss that means trouble.

* * *

If you don't kiss, Lucy, I have no advice to offer. I am not good at conundrums.

Have you allowed
"BEAUTIFUL BUDS OF BROADWAY"
to blush unseen? If so, correct the mistake at once, and send 25 cents for a copy of BROADWAY QUARTERLY No. 9. For sale everywhere by newsdealers.

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THE GIRL AND THE BOY AND THE MAN.

THE following little comedy took place in a pretty little nest near the Arc de Triomphe, in Paris, which is inhabited by a captivating little woman whose friends call her "Cléo." The fair one has two great admirers—one a grave, elderly gentleman, very wealthy (and whom she hopes to marry), while the other is much nearer her own age. The other morning she happened to be sitting with the elderly one *tete-à-tete* in the drawing-room. It appears that the servant had gone out to perform some commission, leaving the front door open. As luck would have it, the young Lothario presented himself at this moment, and seeing the front door open walked in as if the place belonged to him. Naturally, they were all a little embarrassed, but the young one didn't lose his head.

"I regret, madame, to disturb you," he began, coolly addressing the mistress of the house, "but I have paid many calls here to obtain payment of my bill, and on each occasion the servant has told me that you were out. To-day I found the door open, and profited by it, as you see."

Cléo was no fool, and seized the point at once. So she began to storm and rave, and ordered the impudent "bill collector" to leave her flat. But the old gentleman interfered.

JEANETTE DORE, A PRETTY AMERICAN ACTRESS WITH A DECIDEDLY FRENCH NAME.
Her smile's her own and so are her teeth. But the photo is Sarony's.

"How much does this lady owe you, sir?" he asked with dignity.

"Five hundred and forty francs," answered the boy, after just a moment's hesitation.

"Here they are, sir," said the *vieux*.

The boy pocketed the notes, but returned the same evening and gave them to the ingenuous Cléo.

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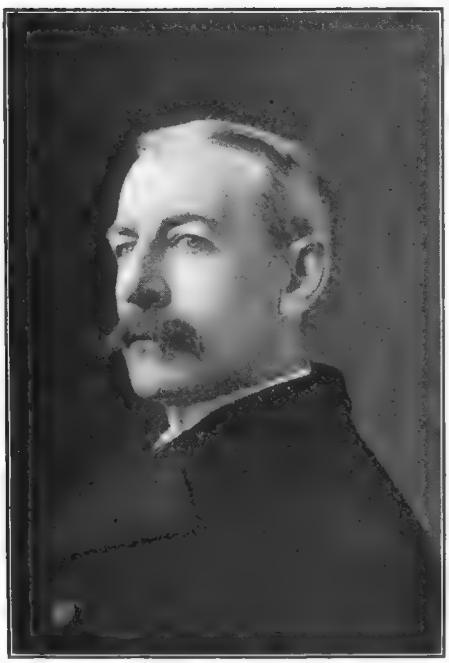
THREE GREAT PUBLISHERS OF THREE GREAT CITIES.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT, NEW YORK; WILLIAM D. BOYCE, CHICAGO; ALFRED HARMSWORTH, LONDON.

By Charles Elbert Gray.



JAMES GORDON BENNETT,
publisher of the New York *Herald* and *Telegram*.

THE name of Bennett has, for nearly half a century, been synonymous with advance in journalism. The elder Bennett started the great New York *Herald*; the younger Bennett has continued and solidified this success.

James Gordon Bennett is said to make nearly $1,000,000 a year on the *Herald*; this in itself is a commentary on the paper's success; but it does not tell why it is recognized as America's representative newspaper. At a time when other New York dailies sell at one cent, there must be something remarkable about the *Herald*, which sells at three daily, and is more successful to-day and has a larger sale than ever before in its history.

Mr. Bennett is still the guiding spirit of the establishment. He loves the *Herald* as a family heirloom as well as for its profit-producing side. While he lives in Paris for a good part of the year, he is in close touch with his paper. With two such men as William C. Reick, one of America's most brilliant editors and all-round newspaper men, and S. H. Howland, his business manager, always on the spot to protect his interests, Mr. Bennett is singularly fortunate.

The *Herald* moved from Park Row about ten years ago to its splendid new uptown home on Herald Square. This building is one of the most unique in New York City and is occupied solely by the *Herald*.

William D. Boyce is the man who has made a more conspicuous success in the publishing business than any man in Chicago or the West and is responsible for the greatest success in weekly journalism in this country. Although comparatively a young man, he has built up a business greater in importance and profits than the average man builds in a lifetime. William D. Boyce was born in Pennsylvania, attended college in Ohio, and when a very young man wended his way to the West, where he engaged in the newspaper business in Dakota. He returned from the Northwest to Chicago, where he engaged in the patent-inside business, during which time he conceived

The unique *Herald* building, on Herald Square, New York City.

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WILLIAM D. BOYCE,
publisher of Boyce's weeklies and monthly, and a notable figure of the West.

the plan of selling the weekly newspapers by newsboys on the same plan as dailies, and he established the *Saturday Blade;* later he disposed of his interest in the patent-inside business and devoted his entire energies to the *Saturday Blade.* Shortly after this he purchased the *Chicago Ledger*, which had been established for twenty years. For the first three years he refused to accept any advertising for the *Blade* and *Ledger*, maintaining that it is possible to support a paper from the sales and subscriptions alone.

It was hard, up-hill work, and before he got the *Blade* and *Ledger* on a paying basis he lost as high as $1,000 a week. Just ten years ago he established an advertising rate and made a bid for advertising. The rate card was the most unique in existence, the three rules thereon attracting great attention for their absolute originality. These rules are as follows: "Any advertisement may be cancelled by any advertiser at any time *pro rata.*" Second: "No discount for time or space." Third: "One rate for all; price for reading matter, double column advertisements or advertisements with cuts, at the same rate per agate line."

For a new paper to make such a departure was indeed a novelty, and Mr. Boyce was watched with much interest. The plan has proven successful. Others have followed, until now many of the leading publications in the country have a flat rate system. The battle-cry of Mr. Boyce and his associates all along has been that results will determine which papers the advertiser should use, and the fact that the Boyce publications carry more advertising than any other publication is the best proof that the publication yields profitable results to advertisers. All of the Boyce papers are printed in colors, and the printing plant is the largest and most complete of its kind in the world.

Boyce's weeklies are sold principally by agents in country towns. There are 22,000 such agents who sell the papers on Saturday of each week. The papers are shipped to them to arrive on Friday night or Saturday morning. These agents sell the papers precisely as the newsboys do in large cities, and this concern is the only publishing house whose weeklies are sold by newsboys. All other weeklies are sold by annual subscription, but Mr. Boyce recognized this installment plan as one that would be most popular.

The circulation of Boyce's weeklies at times reaches nearly 700,000 copies a week. *Boyce's Monthly* has a circulation of one million copies every month, almost wholly in country towns and rural districts.

The W. D. Boyce Company was incorporated seven years ago for $1,000,000. When you understand that this $1,000,000 represents value and was the growth of a business that was started practically with no capital, it can be readily understood what a tremendous success has met the efforts of W. D. Boyce and his associates. Mr. Boyce is president, Irving A. Lesher vice-president, J. W. Banbury treasurer, and William C. Hunter secretary. Mr. Banbury has been seventeen years with Mr. Boyce and Mr. Hunter has been his right-hand man for many years. Both men are thoroughly identified with the Boyce interests, loyal to a degree, and with all the details of the immense business at their finger tips.

A remarkable success has been made by Vice-President Lesher, who ten years ago assumed management of the advertising department. A glance at the list of patrons of the W. D. Boyce

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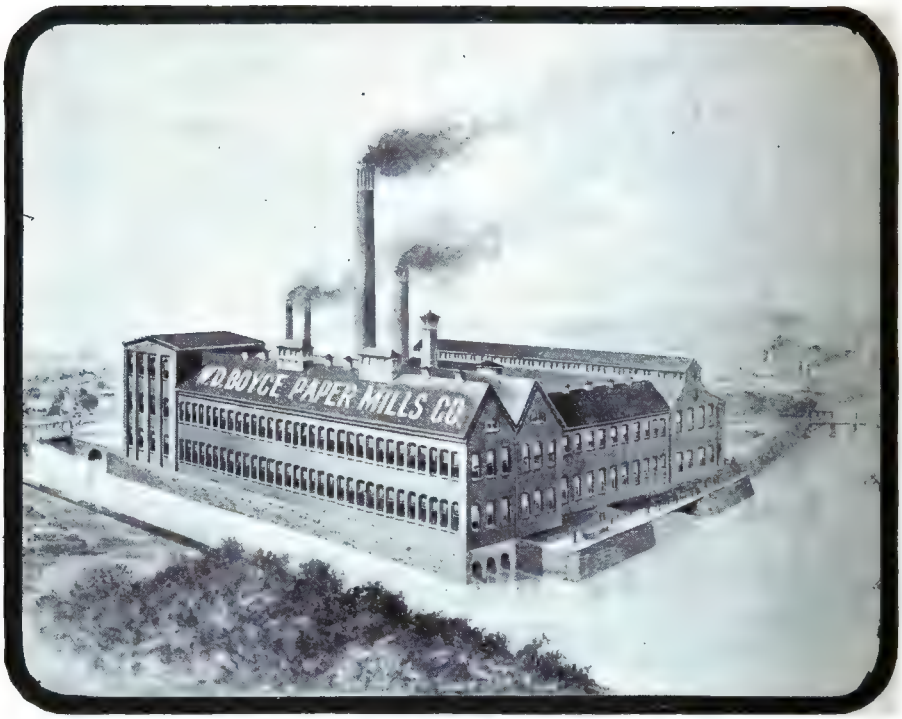

Solid stone and brick buildings of the W. D. Boyce Co. paper-mills.

The W. D. Boyce Co. pulp-mills.

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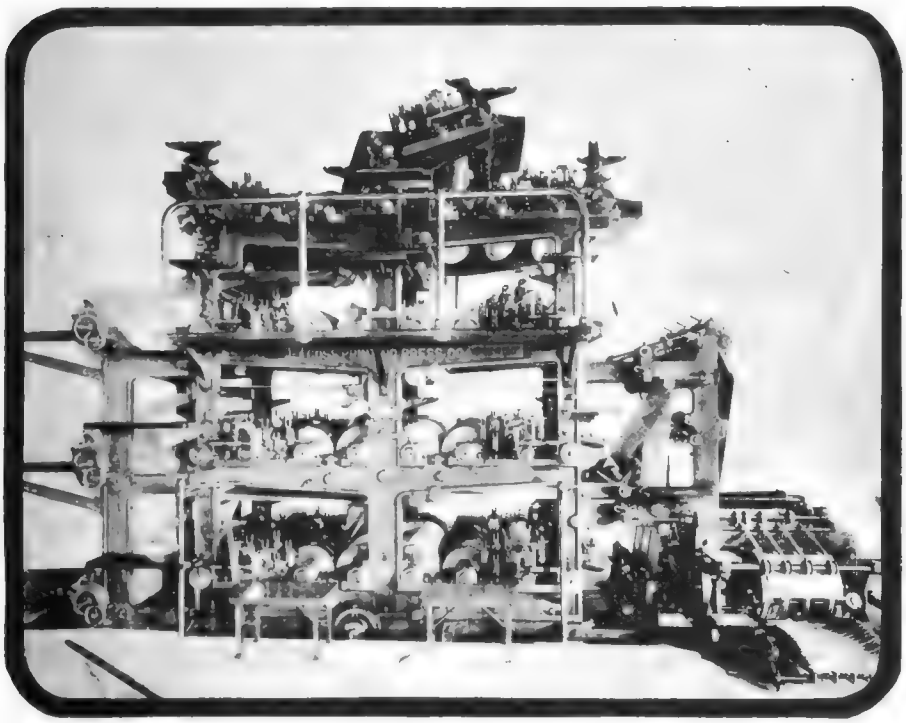
The mechanical part of the W D. Boyce Co. printing house occupies an entire building of five floors.



A side view of one of the W. D. Boyce Co. three mammoth printing machines.

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Company is a tribute both to Mr. Lesher's energy and ability as well as to the value of the publications.

This is the only institution in the world publishing weeklies and a monthly that owns its paper mills, pulp mills, coal mines, railroad, electrotpye foundry, color-work engraving plant, printing plant and electric light plant. The motto of the W. D. Boyce Company is: "Not how much money we can get for our circulation, but how much circulation we can give for the money."

It can thus be seen that a concern which caters practically to millions of people, is its own source of supply and markets its own goods, is a pretty important factor in any business community, and that the W. D. Boyce Company is naturally the greatest publishing house of the West.

A young man who has attracted a tremendous lot of attention in America is Alfred Harmsworth, publisher of the London *Daily Mail* and a list of about a dozen prosperous weekly and monthly English papers. Mr. Harmsworth is still a young man, and was the first English publisher to make a success of American newspaper methods in London. The *Daily Mail* is to-day the paper of the masses, while *Harmsworth's Magazine* and *Answers* are representative types of English monthly and weekly journalistic successes.

The Harmsworth publications, all of which are published in London, give employment to seven hundred men and women, outside of the

Home of the Boyce publications in 112 Dearborn street, Chicago.

ALFRED HARMSWORTH,

publisher of the London *Daily Mail* and other prosperous London papers.

making of paper, etc., and their circulation reaches a total of 202,000,000 copies a year. All this has been accomplished practically in the past ten years, and makes one of the most spectacular successes in the history of the world's publishing business.

Mr. Harmsworth has a magnificent town house in London, a beautiful summer home on the Thames, owns a shooting box in the North country and a yacht. He is a smooth-faced man with the energy of a youth and the experience of a graybeard.

During Mr. Harmsworth's recent visit to America he was made much of by the guild of American publishers, and was especially honored by being requested to issue a special edition of the New York *World*, which attracted attention all over the country.

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FOUR STUNNING PICTURES OF ROSE BEAUMONT (UPPER) AND NELLIE BEAUMONT (LOWER).

JOSEPH HART AND "FOXY GRANDPA."

THE announcement that Joseph Hart and his wife, Carrie De Mar, are to be featured in "Foxy Grandpa" next year is an illustration of the adage that "Constant dripping wears a stone." Mr. Hart has contended for the past year that "Foxy Grandpa" was a good piece of theatrical property and has finally induced William E. Brady to make a trial trip. With the advertising that the *Herald* has given this character, the production should start out with some assured business. There seems little doubt, too, that Joseph Hart, one of our cleverest American comedians, will "make good" in the part.

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Four pictures showing Harry Mostyn Kelly's remarkable gift of pen-parody in "Well-Known Players in Caricature."

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Photos by Schloss, New York.

MRS. JAMES J. CORBETT,

wife of the histrion-fighter, and a very handsome woman.

I HAVE DECIDED TO CLOSE THE SHOW NEXT WEEK.

THIS is not unlike the memorable telegram sent out by the Mallory's of sacred memory to the manger of a company in the West during the holidays a few years ago. It ran "Merry Christmas to all. Cut salaries 20 per cent."

WHERE THE CREDIT LIES.

I was rather amused to see it stated in the daily papers that the members of the Lambs' Club, seeing with sorrow the sad plight of their fellow member, Maurice Barrymore, had sent him to a sanitarium at Amityville, L. I. This is all true except that the Lambs' did not sent him there. It was his own daughter, Ethel Barrymore, who has stood by her father through thick and thin, and whose efforts for the stricken player has made it possible for him to be comfortable during the sad remainder of his life. THE TRUTHTELLER.

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D'OGEREAU, WHO POSES IN PARIS AND DOES LITTLE ELSE.

D'Ogereau—no one knows her other name—is a somewhat handsome French woman of fulsome physical charms. She is not an actress, nor is she a dancer. She is a *poseuse* pure and simple—at least we hope so. There are dozens of pictures of her to be seen along the boulevard and she is hailed as a beauty.

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EGLANTINE DAUVREY,

who in Paris is considered very large and stunning, but who hasn't any more cleverness than she knows what to do with. She belongs to the vast Army of the Lingerie.

A PROFESSIONAL PACKER.

I watched her dive within her bag,
In hopes to find a nickel,
Much as you've often tried in vain
To spear a bobbing pickle.

Her curls fell down, her lips grew set,
As still she groped around;
Apparently it was not there,
But *this* is what she found:

A pair of gloves—which were not mates,
A pair of curling tongs,
Her watch, her veil, a copy of
One of the latest songs.

She then pulled out her handkerchief,
A book, two velvet bows—
But in confusion she put back
Two black and silken hose,

A one-pound box of chocolates—
No more—but fate was fickle,
To think that she could find so much
But could not find that nickel.

F. R. FAXON.

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Broadway Magazine

Another Stunning Spring Beauty.

CONNIE POWELL,

"The girl with the beautiful arms and shoulders."

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WHOSE EYES?

If you tell us before **May 15th** the name of the famous actress these eyes belong to, we will **send you free,** postpaid, a full size 25-cent box of Freeman's Face Powder.

Be sure and answer. Even if you guess wrong you will get a handsome souvenir and sample of the powder, **free.**

What this actress and many others who use and recommend it say of

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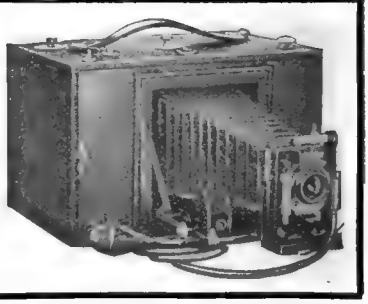

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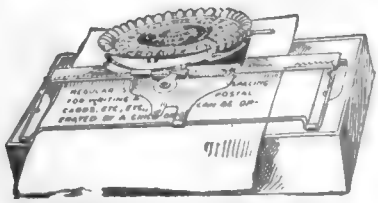

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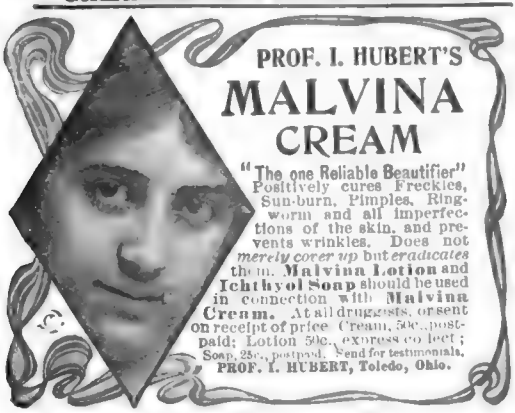

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The population for 1901 at an increase of 12 per cent over the population would be 5,413,227
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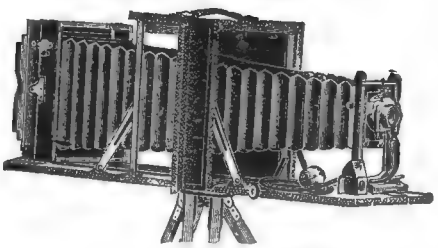

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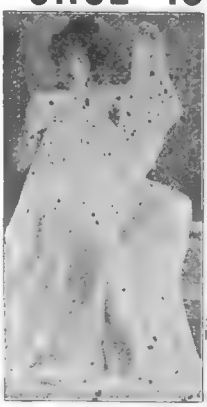

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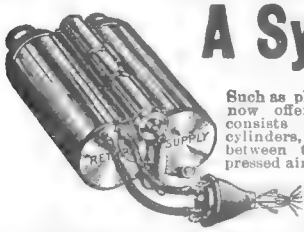

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Do not allow any druggist to sell you anything as a substitute for my ***Beck's Wonder-Workers for Men.*** All dealers can get them, and the only reason why some druggists do not have them on sale is because they cost more than the poisonous nostrums that excite and stimulate instead of cure. Hundreds of physicians prescribe ***Wonder-Workers*** in their treatment of Pelvic and Sympathetic Nervous Ailments because they well know that every tablet is scientifically standardized to absolute uniformity, and that they never fail to Revitalize every organ of the body and Quickly and Permanently Cure Nervous Exhaustion from any cause arising, when simply used one tablet at a dose three times a day. ***Wonder-Workers*** are never sold in bulk, but always in a white box having this trade mark on the cover.

GIVE NERVE FORCE

BECK'S WONDER-WORKERS FOR MEN. PRICE ONE DOLLAR

GIVE BRAIN POWER

A record of ***More than 210,000 Cures*** in two years proves my Wonder-Workers the Greatest remedy for Low Vitality made anywhere on earth, and has earned for them the title of "The Worn-Out Man's Best Friend." I will ask you to make special note of the fact that I am the only man in the world in the medicine business who has solemnly sworn that the medicine he sells cured himself, that every man will be treated fairly, and that the names of all who buy will be held sacred forever. If you have any doubt about me write to the First Nat. Bank, of which Hon. A. S. Bushnell, Ex. Gov. of Ohio is President, Prof. Ad. Bakhaus, or to any other reliable business man or firm of Springfield, Ohio.

The use of my ***Wonder-Workers*** always restores nerve and strength but ***now,*** in the spring and early summer when men are most in need of toning up, they are especially valuable.

The Price is Only One Dollar per box, cash with order, by express at your expense. It will cost 25 cents to lift from Ex. office. If you send $1.15 I send them by mail prepaid, thus saving you ten cents, and if you mention this magazine when you order I will send you an Extra Full Week's Treatment as a present.

GEO. S. BECK,
420 S. Market St. SPRINGFIELD, O.

"I Want to Help You to Grow as Beautiful as God Meant You to Be When He Thought of You First."

The gift of loveliness is contained in **Dr. Campbell's Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers, Fould's Medicated Arsenic Soap** and **Fould's Arsenalene Cream**

For more than twenty years these unequalled remedies have been sold to many millions of satisfied customers. They eradicate forever **pimples, blackheads, freckles, eczema, lines, discolorations, dark rings under the eyes** and **all skin blemishes without exception.** Nothing else can so quickly and surely give any lady a clear, youthful, delicate and dainty complexion, perfect skin and dazzling eyes.

Eyebrows and Eyelashes,

arched, sweeping and luxuriant, have been developed and grown on the fair faces of ten thousand gratified and grateful women during the last four years by the use of **Fould's Eyebrow and Eyelash Grower.**

If You Are Fat

you can easily get rid of it by using **Fould's Holland Dame Obesity Soap.** Reduces fat by absorption and requires no change in daily habits.

Sold by druggists everywhere.

Wafers, by mail, $1; 6 large boxes, $5; Soap, 50c; Cream, 50c; Eyebrow and Eyelash Grower, $1; Fould's Holland Dame Obesity Soap, two cakes in a box, $1. If your druggist cannot supply you, call on or write to

H. B. FOULD, Room 107, 214 Sixth Ave., New York.

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Big Four

The 'Buffalo Route'

to

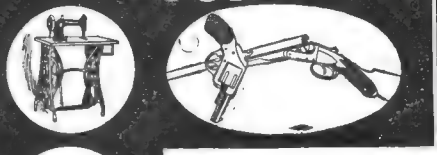
1901
Pan-American
Exposition

Big Four Route in connection with Lake Shore & Michigan Southern and New York Central R. R. offers the finest equipped train service at frequent intervals to Buffalo from South and West.

M. E. Ingalls. President.

W. J. Lynch, G. P. & T. A.
W. P. Deppe, A. G. P. A.
Cincinnati, O.

"OILRIGHT"
FOR



THE BEST LUBRICANT

for all needs is the 20th Century Oil "3 in 1." No better or cheaper oiling fluid on the market, and it is positively the only oil that will not gum, collect dust, dry out or turn rancid.

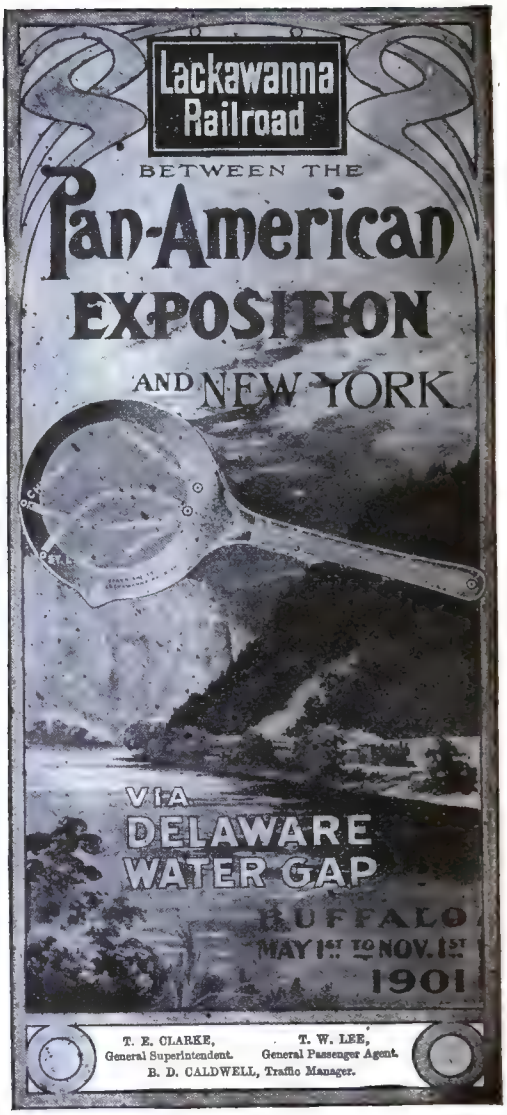
3 in One

will also prevent rust and tarnish on any metal surface in any weather and any kind of climate.

It is also a furniture polish, par excellence.

It ought to be in every home, for there's daily use for just such a preparation, and it's cheap. A large **FREE** sample sent to any address for two-cent stamp to pay the postage. Try it at our expense and if you like it, and you will, get it of your dealer.

G. W. COLE CO.,
141-3-5 BROADWAY,
WASHINGTON LIFE BUILDING,
NEW YORK CITY.



This is a reproduction of the cover of a complete guide to the Pan-American Exposition just issued by the LACKAWANNA RAILROAD. It will be mailed to any address on application, accompanied by four cents in stamps, to

T. W. LEE,
General Passenger Agent,
26 Exchange Place,
NEW YORK CITY.

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Advertisers

Advertisers Prove Circulation

WANT RESULTS!!

They Get Them in the

Minneapolis Journal

COMPARATIVE RECORD OF ADVERTISING CARRIED BY MINNEAPOLIS AND ST. PAUL DAILY PAPERS IN 1899 AND 1900. . .

TOTAL COLUMNS ADVERTISING CARRIED:

	Minneapolis Journal.	Minneapolis Times.	Minneapolis Tribune.
1899	10,955	10,448	10,367
1900	12,222	11,282	10,902

	St. Paul Dispatch.	St. Paul Pioneer Press.	St. Paul Globe.
1899	10,996	8 808	7.667
1900	12,056	9,430	8,059

WHY DOES THE JOURNAL carry more advertising than any other paper in its territory? Because the Northwest is evening paper territory. Almost all the JOURNAL'S circulation is its 5 o'clock edition, which is delivered in the homes. Its circulation is not made up of morning, noon and night editions and street sales. That is why the advertiser gets returns.

FOREIGN ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT,

C. J. BILLSON, Manager.

New York Office, - - 86, 87, 88 Tribune Building
Chicago Office, - - - 308 Stock Exchange Building

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WATCHES.

Special Co-operative Plan.

The best 14-k Gold Filled Case that money can buy, warranted for 25 and 35 years, with 15 and 17 Ruby Jeweled Adjusted Remington Movements, Elgin, Waltham or other high grade if preferred.

Co-operative Plan, $1 per week payments. No middlemen's profit. Lowest cash prices. Any size. All grades and prices.

Any Monogram or Emblem Engraved to order. No extra charge. This proves quality.

DIAMONDS.

Costs Less Than 15c. a Day

to buy a High Grade watch or diamond direct from us.

Our Special Club, "Providence." $15.00.

TERMS: $5 cash, with order, and $1 per week for ten weeks. Your choice, 6, 12, 16 or 18 size, hunting, plain polished, engine turned or engraved, case warranted for 20 years, complete with a genuine Columbus movement. All modern improvements. This guarantees superior quality, and this high grade watch at the price and terms is positively beyond competition. You have the use of the watch or diamond while paying for it. This proves quality and our good faith.

Superb Catalogue Free.

For Prompt Attention, Address Dept. W 111.

The Walker-Edmund Co.,

126 State St., Dept. W111, Chicago, Ill.

THE LOVE LETTERS OF A LIAR

By MRS. WILLIAM ALLEN

In graceful, ardent phrases, an American man wooes an American girl epistolarily. The letters were first printed in THE SMART SET last September, and thus antedate "An Englishwoman's Love Letters," which they immeasurably surpass in style and interest, being as crisp and pointed as their English cousins are prolix and rambling. Lovers can learn much from them.

Town Topics says:
Mrs. "Willie" Allen's "Love Letters of a Liar" appear to have created a sensation that will not down. . . . Mrs. Allen stoutly asserts that she wrote the letters herself.

The N. Y. Sunday World says:
All the world is talking about "The Love Letters of an Englishwoman," but they do not compare with "The Love Letters of a Liar" in brilliancy, knowledge of men and the world, and their daring.

The Baltimore Sun says:
"The Love Letters of a Liar" consists of a series of impassioned epistles from a Mr. Lawrence Goddard to a young woman whose front name is Madge, but whose last name is discreetly withheld, the names of hero and heroine, of course, being fictitious, like the correspondence. . . . It must be said for Lawrence that his letters are models of amatory style, abounding in poetical phrase and noble sentiment, and glowing with an ardor that would convert the arctic regions into the tropics in short order, if turned loose in the chilly regions sacred to the Eskimo and the polar bear.

The Philadelphia Press says:
The book that has excited English society is called "An Englishwoman's Love Letters." The story that is stirring New York society is called "The Love Letters of a Liar." . . . Now Mrs. William Allen, the author of the latter, is the center of a literary and social gossip that insists upon knowing who is the man who wrote those letters, or whether she wrote them herself.

Exquisitely printed on thick, deckel-edge paper, with flexible imitation leather cover. Sold by all booksellers, or sent postpaid on receipt of price, **50 Cents**, by the publishers. The trade supplied, at usual discounts, by THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY and all book jobbers.

Ess Ess Publishing Company, Publishers of THE SMART SET
1135 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

GREAT STATE CONTEST.

YOU CAN WIN CASH!

WHY DON'T YOU TRY IT? $155.00 FOR CORRECT LISTS.

1.	ENIMA	16.	HUTA
2.	STTCHUSESASAM	17.	MANATON
3.	TOMNVRE	18.	ISSMPPISSII
4.	VALPSIANNENY	19.	NOGERO
5.	HIOO	20.	NAKASS
6.	RONTH ALINOCAR	21.	DOHRE LISDAN
7.	AVIRINGI	22.	OTASNNEIN
8.	AGGROEI	23.	AWOI
9.	ORISSUOM	24.	UOLIISAAN
10.	SAKRANSA	25.	ESSNNEETE
11.	ATOKAD	26.	BAMALAA
12.	VADNEA	27.	RIODAFLO
13.	FLORCANAII	28.	ESTW RIVIINAG
14.	HASWINGNOT	29.	KUCKTNEY
15.	ZRIAANO	30.	GANMIHIC

Here is something new, read very carefully, you may get **$100 in Cash, a Bicycle,** or a **Gold Watch.** We print here a lot of "words." These are **sets of letters,** jumbled, from which can be made the names of **Thirty States** in the **United States.** For example, **ENIMA** can be transposed into **MAINE** and so on down through the list. It will be found a hard study, but if you stick to it you may get 15, or even 20, or perhaps all of the words correct. We offer the following **GRAND PRIZES: To the person** who sends a **complete correct list** we will give **$100.00** in money. To the person sending the **next largest list** we will give a **$30.00 Bicycle** (ladies' or gent's), for the **next largest** correct list we will give a fine **$25.00 Gold Watch.** If more than one person succeeds in making a complete list the $100.00 in cash, also the valuation of the Bicycle and Watch (total $155.00) in money, will be divided among those who send correct lists of 30 States instead of as above. Also to each and every person who succeeds in making out at least 15 correct names of States we will give absolutely free as a prize one **elegant Friendship Ring (latest New York bon-ton style).** This is a **Gold Double Knot Friendship Ring** and is suitable for either **lady** or **gentleman.** It is of seamless **gold,** being in reality **two rings knotted together** by the gold worker's art. This ring is a beauty and will please the most fastidious. Therefore when you get the ring as a prize for making out the names of **15 States correctly** you will secure a most desirable and costly present. It doesn't matter where you live you may enter this contest. **With your** list of names you **must send** us 25 cents to pay for **THE CLIFTON MONTHLY** one full year—contest closes June 15. If you are already a subscriber your subscription will be extended a year from date from present expiration, or you may have **THE CLIFTON MONTHLY** sent to a friend. It is a **handsome illustrated 64 column monthly magazine.** Every issue replete with charming stories, sketches, Free contest open to subscribers only and numerous entertaining features. These features are worth many times the price of subscription. Don't send a list of words unless you send your subscription with **25 cents** in silver, or 26 cents in stamps. **A prize will be sent the same week** that your list is received. Money promptly returned if you are not delighted. **Address CLIFTON PUB. CO., B Temple St., Waterville, Maine.**

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1000 CAMERAS

50c 50c

Given as Premiums.

Our new Copying Lens will be sent free of any charge for delivery on receipt of 50 cents. To introduce these lenses we will give away a Cycle Poco Camera worth $15.00 as a premium.

We will send with the Camera one Double Plate Holder and Carrying Case, and the whole will be sent to your address **FREE.** Immediately you take advantage of this advertisement and the offer, we will send. The Camera is a **Cycle Poco No. 3,** 4x5. We give these Cameras away to encourage you to become agents for the sale of our lenses. If the Cameras are all given away, your 50 cents will be returned. Send **50 cents** and stamped envelope for receipt.

Unexcelled Photo Stock Co.
100 Fulton Street, NEW YORK CITY.

TO ST. LOUIS

ILLINOIS CENTRAL
CENTRAL MISSISSIPPI VALLEY ROUTE
RAILROAD

DAYLIGHT SPECIAL
FAST DAY TRAIN

THE
DIAMOND SPECIAL
POPULAR NIGHT TRAIN

Free Reclining Chair Cars, Parlor Cars, Dining Cars, Pullman Buffet Open and Compartment Sleeping Cars. See that your ticket between Chicago and St. Louis **Reads via Illinois Central Railroad.**
It can be obtained of your local ticket agent.
A. H. HANSON, G. P. A., Ill. Cent. R. R., Chicago, Ill

FLAVOR

Flavor is value—in cigars.

Flavor has been a special study with us. We have made unusual effort for it.

The costly monopolized Cuban tobacco has flavor (at 3 for 50 cents).

We have found another way to get it.

We get it in the taste of the blended effect in a combination of different tobacco leaves.

IN THIS CIGAR AT 5 CENTS

the consumer finds absolutely the choicest grade goods, excelling by far any Havana stock now on sale at three-for-a-quarter.

LUCKE'S IMPORTS

The stock is known as "Lucke's clever substitute for Havana." In flavor this blend gives an effect that is unexcelled save by the selected, very choicest and costliest Vuelta Abajos Havana. There is hardly any difference.

SPECIAL
BOX $1

MADE UP FOR SAMPLING AMONG CONSUMERS.

If you appreciate a delicious high-class cigar send in $1. We will prepay a box of 25 to your address at once. Try a few. Then if you don't want to become a regular "Import" smoker, return balance and we'll return the $1.

J. H. LUCKE & CO.,
808 LUCKE BLOCK, CINCINNATI, OHIO

Flees & Ridge Printing Co., Fifth Avenue, New York.

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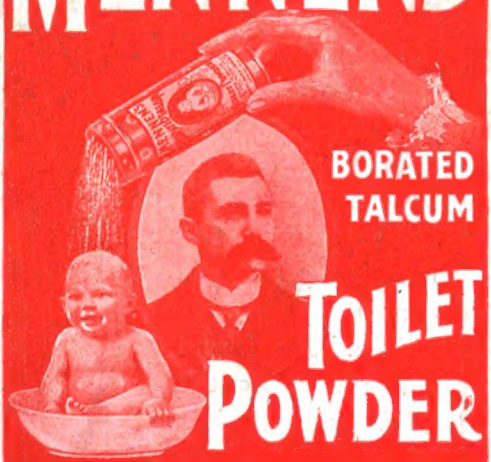
Vose PIANOS

the new piano in your home free of expense. Write for Catalogue D and explanations.
every family in moderate circumstances can
piano. We take old instruments in exchange and deliver

VOSE & SONS PIANO CO., 160 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

MENNEN'S



BORATED TALCUM

TOILET POWDER

Delightful After Bathing, A Luxury After Shaving

A positive relief for **PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING** and **SUNBURN,** and all afflictions of the skin. Removes all odor of perspiration. **Get MENNEN'S** (the original), *a little higher in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but there is a reason for it.*

Sold everywhere, or mailed for **25** cents. (*Sample free.*)

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

C B

à la Spirite Corsets

Straight Front

New Paris Shapes

LOW BUST. STRAIGHT FRONT & LONG HIP.

STYLES

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Manufacturers
412 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK

Broadway Quarterly No. 9 is a Beauty.

It is called "Beautiful Buds of Broadway" and contains over 200 pictures of pretty women well known on "The Street." Order of your newsdealer or send 25 cents to office. Sent free with a year's subscription direct or through newsdealer.

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Delicious Home Made Candy

From Park & Tilford's Products

Gunther's Huyler's

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Opposite Knickerbocker & Casino Theatres.

Fox's 1395 Broadway.

"I've used it all my life and have never lost a tooth."

Rubifoam

A Perfect Liquid Dentifrice

Often imitated, Never equalled.

Your teeth are a gift, but the care of them is not. Try and keep them. "Rubifoam" will enable you to do it. It has made itself famous by what it does.

E. W. HOYT & CO.,
Manufacturers, · · LOWELL, MASS.

25¢

THE BEAUTIES THAT SMILE IN THE SPRING will be found in April SNAP-SHOTS for May. Or this brisk, handsomely illustrated 5-cent magazine from your newsdealer, or send 25 cents in stamps or silver for six months' subscription. 50 cents a year. Nothing else like it.

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